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Biography As A Juggler's Art . . . By James Thomas Flexner

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVI No. 41 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

"THE REPUBLIC: CONVERSATIONS ON FUNDAMENTALS"
by Charles A. Beard
Reviewed by Lindsay Rogers

"JOURNEY INTO AMERICA"
by Donald Culross Peattie
Reviewed by Paul I. Wellman

"MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN"
by Albert Jay Nock
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"NATURALIST AT LARGE"
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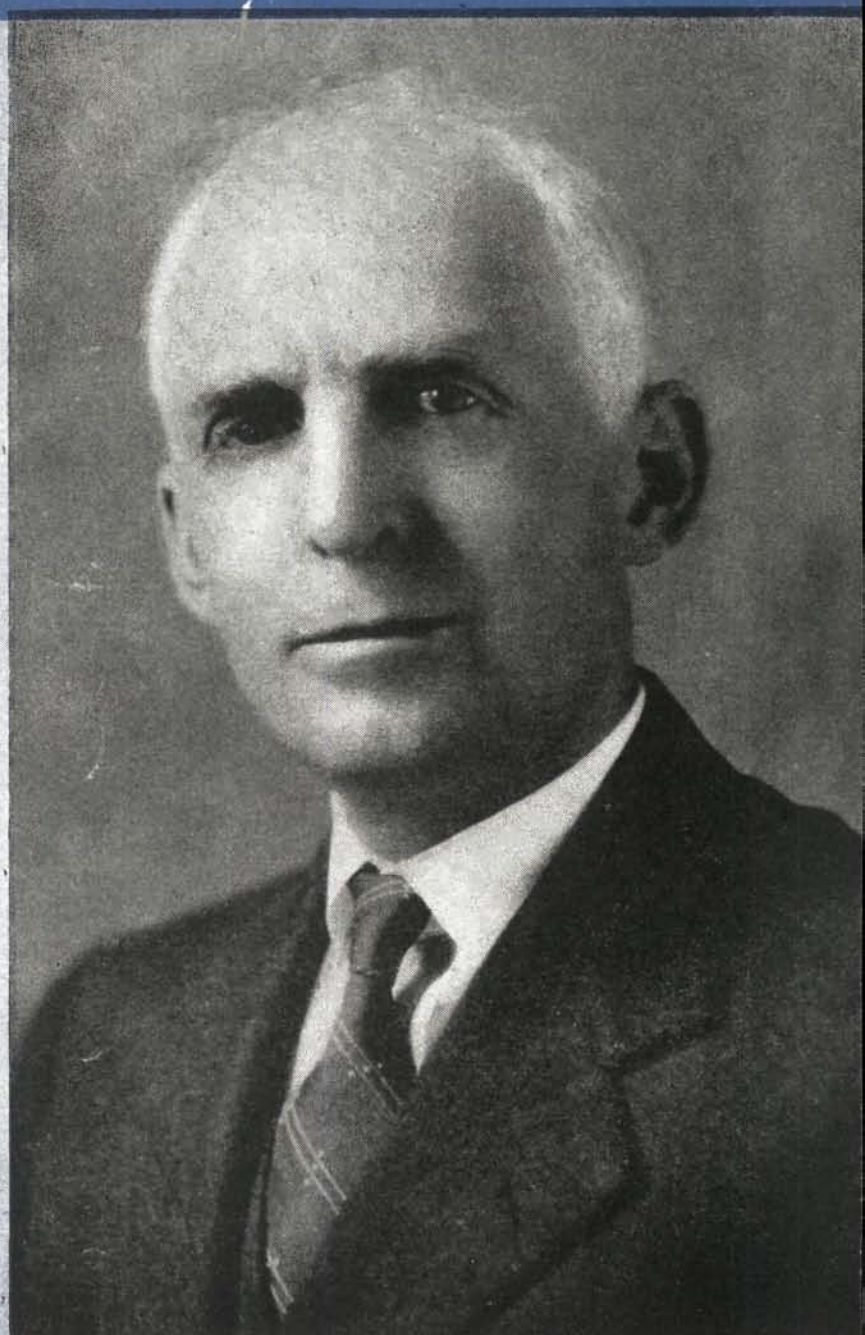

CHARLES A. BEARD concludes one set of conversations and stimulates another. (See page 5)

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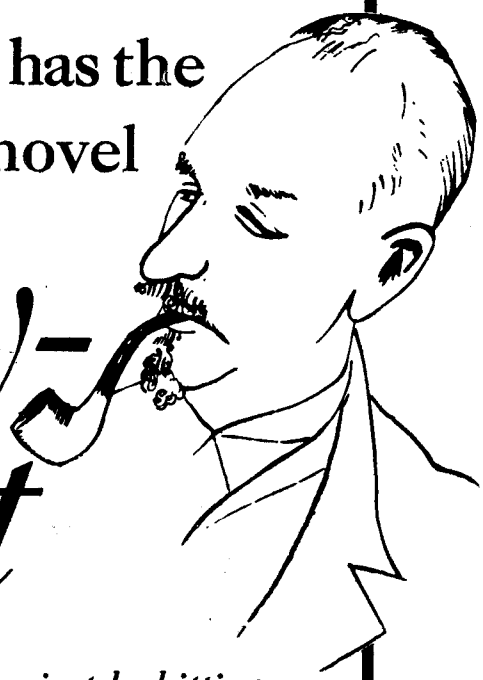
If every life has the making of a novel

C. Kay-Scott

(Frederick Creighton Wellman)



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LIFE IS TOO SHORT

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Philadelphia • New York

The Saturday Review of Literature

October 9, 1943

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 41, October 9, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Copyright, 1943.

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Biography As A Juggler's Art

Keeping Many Things Going at the Same Time is Almost Mandatory

JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

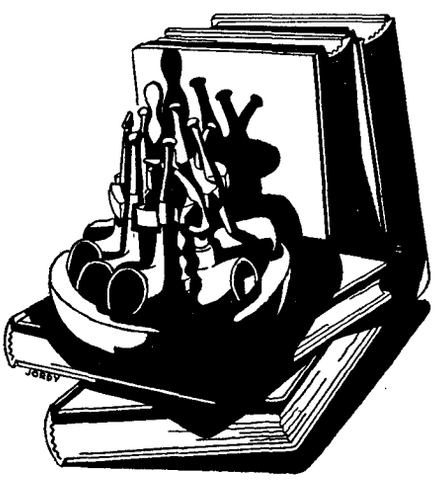
BIOGRAPHY is a complicated art that combines things seemingly irreconcilable. Concerned with the depiction of personality, the biographer must be an imaginative writer; concerned with the resurrection of actual men and events, he must be a meticulous scholar. On one hand, he leans towards the technique of the novelist; on the other, towards the technique of the documentary historian. Somewhere between these two poles lies his own technique. Finding the golden mean which is most suited to his art is the fundamental problem which faces every writer of lives.

The easy way out is to go to one extreme or the other. Many a biographer, deeply conscious of his duty as a scholar, has forgotten that he is dealing with people who once lived and thought. We may learn from his pages where a man was at a certain date and the actual physical facts of what the man was doing. Those letters and papers which the biographer considers relevant he paraphrases or quotes. And, having done this, he claims to have gone as far as a biographer may go; these are the facts, anything else is fiction. Even if his books are not vivid, they are, he insists, completely impersonal and nonpartisan, entirely accurate.

We may agree at once that such books are not vivid, but are they impersonally accurate? That is open to question. Although the author has quoted the documents he has used with rigid fidelity, keeping in every misspelling and every omitted comma, the fact remains that he has made a selection among the many papers at his disposal. If he has written the life of a great character in history, we may be sure he has been able to quote only one document in five hundred, or a thousand. Of course, he has dwelt on the papers he considers most significant, but his judgment has depended on his own personal interpretation of his subject's career. Thus, if he considers his subject an honest man, he will regard suggestions of questionable practices in contemporary memoirs as undoubtedly inspired by jealousy and malice; it would distort the picture, he feels, to make much use of such irrelevant things. If, however, the biographer is convinced that his hero was an evil influence, these same evidences of wrong-doing will be given great weight. Admittedly this is an extreme example: the point is that no author can escape evaluating documents according to what remains, despite the most thorough scholarship, his own personal judgment.

Indeed it may be contended that biographies made up entirely of facts, dates, and quoted source material are in one way more misleading than those in which the author permits himself some leeway. When a writer draws his conclusions on paper instead of solely in his mind, we may recognize his point of view and take it into consideration as we read. But when an author keeps himself always in the background, we may only discover his prejudices by making a new study of the source material.

A PURELY factual biographer is forced by his method to present reality in an unnatural manner. Experience has trained every individual to evaluate the people he meets as living, active entities; he is not used to judging men from quoted documents. When we re-examine a packet of letters from an old friend we realize that much of the meaning lies not in the words written but between the lines. Probably factual biographers would admit this, but they would add



that there is nothing to keep a reader from looking between the lines of the documents they have quoted. True, a reader can try; but he is in a much worse position to make an interpretation than is the biographer, who has studied five hundred or a thousand papers to the reader's one, and who has a much better background of knowledge of the period in which the subject lived.

Although a purely factual biography can present neither an entirely nonpartisan interpretation nor a vivid picture of a living man, we must remember that the labor which goes into such a book is often extremely valuable in blazing new trails of knowledge. The expert documentarian is in his own way a worker of great ability, a Sherlock Holmes of the library shelf. Following clues as subtle as those employed by any detective of fiction, he undertakes an exciting search for the missing fact, the paper that has vanished. Back and forth across the world his magnifying glass moves; now he is rummaging in the attic of some descendant of his hero, now blowing the dust from documents in an historical society cellar. And often when he returns to the light of day at last, he is carrying carefully distilled on a packet of cards new data which may well revolutionize our understanding of his subject. Such a man has made an important contribution whatever the form of the biography he writes in the end. Indeed, the book is often a secondary matter, like the article in which a scientist reports his experiments. Whether the selection he publishes from the material he has found is broad or narrow makes little difference as long as he appends a full bibliography; other writers may now follow in his footsteps, and, whatever their achievement, it will be largely dependent on his labors. Purely documentary works are source books for biographies, not biographies in themselves.

At the opposite extreme are the several schools of biographers whose only interest is in creating brilliant pictures of human beings. Not aiming at sound scholarship, they use a technique which is much closer to ro-

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mance than history. Some of the most successful go so far as to make accuracy secondary to the telling of a dramatic story. Not only do they improvise conversations, not only do they juggle chronology and make up events to fill gaps in their knowledge, but, should the development of their subjects' careers not accord with their ideas of suspense and climax, they do not hesitate to change fact in a way that they believe furthers fiction. Their books are not biographies at all, but novels.

Other biographers have a respect for accuracy, but fail to undertake the labor of examining the innumerable and scattered documents which are the source material in their field. They study the obvious printed sources, making great use of previously published lives, and from the material thus culled create a new interpretation. Many of the books thus prepared have definite virtues. A fresh point of view, brilliant writing, the vivid presentation of characters who walk and breathe, an easy readability that carries the eye from page to page; these are on the credit side of the best of such works. On the debit side is a fundamental flaw in method.

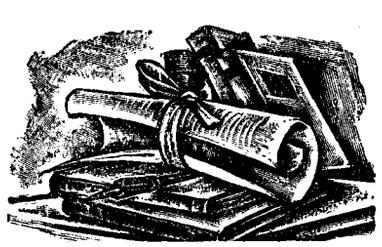
As we have seen, even the most scholarly study represents in the way the material was selected a specific point of view. The romantic biographer uses several such interpretations to build up a separate interpretation, which may indeed represent an opposite approach from that which determined his source-books. Let us say that he is writing about a worthy who died at the height of the Victorian era. The original biographers of such a man, themselves Victorians, would report his life according to their ideals. But our modern biographer has discarded Victorianism, so he makes fun of his subject's smugness. Yet that subject may not have been smug at all; the biographer may be dealing not with the character under discussion at all, but with the character's previous biographers. He has no way of knowing unless he himself goes back to the original sources. This again is an extreme case, but the fact remains that the biographer who relies on rewriting previous lives can create nothing but an interpretation of interpretations.

However brilliant and comprehensive were the scholars who went before him, a writer who examines the original material in his field is likely to stumble on evidence that was unimportant from the point of view of his predecessors but which will open up to him new vistas of understanding. The more original and interpretive his approach, the more valuable he will find these personal discoveries.

Facts, dates, and documents then, all the seemingly uninspiring paraphernalia of the archivist, should be a biographer's inspiration. Both the usefulness and the authority of his book will be greatly increased if he employs notes to give the source of each of his statements. Although some publishers object to references on the ground that they may scare away readers, this attitude is extremely short-sighted, even from a strictly commercial point of view. The notes can easily be gathered in the back of the volume, designated by page and paragraph in such a manner that no numbers need appear in the text. Hardly noticed by the uninterested, these references will help the sale of the book in many ways. Serious works are often given to serious scholars for review, and the first thing a scholar does is to attempt an evalution of source material. Furthermore, it is the experts who have a long-time interest in a field. Promotion aimed at the casual reader can keep a book in the public eye for six months or a year; after that the scholars have their innings. They push undocumented books into limbo, and keep the others alive indefinitely.

Once a biographer has mastered his original sources, his work has only begun. Now he must make a synthesis of his material similar to that a novelist makes from the observed facts of life. Before him lies the tangled record of a personality acting within a fixed period of years. He must weigh evidence and draw conclusions; he must interpret and explain. While recognizing that he cannot so far escape the limitations of the human mind as to write pure truth uninfluenced by his own personality and environment, he must nonetheless strive to do so. The broader his view-point, the closer he comes to a universal approach, the more valuable his book will be. There can be no possible excuse for his ever changing a fact, misquoting a document, or glossing over an event that the most non-partisan attitude of which he is capable tells him is significant. Complete intellectual honesty is perhaps the most important single attribute of the biographer.

Impartiality, however, need not imply lack of color; the best biographies carry an overtone of excitement. There has long been a tendency among some intellectuals to regard the story-teller's art as a cheap trick which appeals only to common minds. A short story, we are told, is damaged by plot; a play is not art but "box office" unless it is heavy and slow. Similarly a biography is regarded as a serious contribution in exact proportion to its dullness. This attitude represents a pointless limiting of the artist's opportunity by taking away one of his best tools.



Drama is natural to biography because it is natural to the human mind. Since most men who have shaped events have found their careers exciting, to drain off the excitement makes the picture untrue. Indeed, if a writer feels it necessary to alter events to create suspense and climax, it usually means he has failed to grasp the inherent possibilities of his subject. Facts are stranger than fiction; the imagination of nature is more audacious than that of man. What novelist could conceive of a career like Joan of Arc's, or Lincoln's?

Since all men live in time, chronology is the only natural thread on which the events of a man's life may be strung. This does not mean that the biographer must follow his subject methodically from birth to death. Like a novelist, he may anticipate major happenings and then work back through the years to the explanations, yet the basic rhythm of time which is the rhythm of life must never be obscured. Sometimes it is necessary for clarity to group like events together even if they happened in different years, but this is a dangerous expedient which should be resorted to as little as possible. No biographies are to my mind less vivid than those made up of essay chapters, each dealing with one aspect of the hero's career and headed "The Statesman," "The Poet," "The Husband and Father."

A basic problem facing every biographer is how to sketch in the historical background without violating the time element and impeding the narrative flow. On the one hand, the writer has a personality and a career to present; on the other, he is saddled with the cultural, economic, and political events of a period. Many biographers have been defeated by this seeming dualism. Some try to create pure character sketches, to separate a man's personality from his reaction to and his effect on his environment. Others have written erudite histories in which for chapter after chapter the hero is obscured from view by clouds of general data. Neither expedient, of course, can turn out a well-rounded book.

Whenever an artist becomes con-

(*Continued on page* 19)

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Twentieth Century Dialogues

A Socratic Approach to Mr. Beard's New Book

LINDSAY ROGERS

THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW: How about reviewing Beard's new book* for us? You can have as much space as you want.

LINDSAY ROGERS: That is generous of you but I think I had better have a look at the book before saying whether I can write about it. I assume that the book you mean is one I have seen announced, titled "The Republic," on the Plato model but discussing American institutions rather than an ideal republic. I may be wrong because Beard is so catholic in his interests that it is hard to keep up with him.

EDITOR: Yes. It is "The Republic" and excellent as a piece of book making. Type and format are stellar and the text seems interesting to me. The story or message is told in dialogue form. Beard apparently has conversations with a number of people. A doctor and his wife rally around all of the time, but he also brings in a Jeffersonian democrat who states his views. Then an admirer of Lincoln comes in to discuss constitutionalism, and among others there are an ex-senator who discourses on legislative power and a retired officer—perhaps a Colonel Blimp—who is the pundit when national defense is discussed. It looks like an opportunity for you to be precocious. Why don't you seize it?

ROGERS: Precocious in respect of Beard? Maybe, but very, very rarely. Over the years lesser mortals have picked up sparks from his anvil and have blown on them so as to make flames of their own.

EDITOR: You might try to do this now.

ROGERS: I have tried it before. But once or twice in recent years I have thought (sacrilegiously of course) of what Lloyd George once said of Kitchener. It was something like this: Kitchener was such a remarkable man that even his failings were not ordinary ones. In intuition, improvisation, and vision he was far above the average. As I recall it, L. G. said that Kitchener reminded him of a revolving lighthouse. It flashed gleams far out into the surrounding gloom but every once in a while it was dark. There was no intermediate stage. Beard would resent being compared with a general or a peer, even in my private thoughts, but L. G. was paying a great tribute. Will this book really flash or will it be dark? It won't be twilight, which people frequently forget comes before dawn as well as before darkness. I'll read the book, but unless it flashes I won't write about it.

*

* *

EDITOR: Well, now that you have read the Beard book will you review it for us?

ROGERS: No, I can't.

EDITOR: Why, did it disappoint you?

ROGERS: Not at all.

EDITOR: Did it remind you of Lloyd George on Kitchener as you suggested?

ROGERS: Yes, but not in the way you mean. It is a lighthouse that always throws gleams and never gets dark. It is a first-rate performance. The range is enormous; the suggestiveness is far-flung, and the conversations not only chisel down to the truths but then they polish the bedrock off. I don't see how a review, strictly speaking, is feasible. Could I barge in on one of these conversations and report what I would have said if I had been there? What were the literary periodicals in Plato's day? Who reviewed him?

EDITOR: But you think the book is going to add to Beard's already great reputation? From what you say, he seems to have had a lot of fun in writing it.

ROGERS: It will add to his reputation and for the reason that conversationally Beard has always seemed to me even better than he is on the printed page. The method of this book on "The Republic" preserves a lot of the saltiness of his talk. Once or twice I have thought that Beard was overstating himself in what he wrote because he could not see its effect on readers, but when he talks and sees the effect on auditors he knows that he has made his points and does not hammer them too far. Of course, when he talks he has the advantage of a gleaming eye which you can't ignore, and of an intellectual curiosity which can rove in conversation much more than it can wander on the printed page. And then some of his best things come spontaneously—in criticism and rebuttal. What he rebuts here is sometimes not good enough to draw his best fire. Some place in these interchanges one of Beard's endmen says that old Socrates got the hemlock for spreading untested ideas among the people. Beard leaves no idea untested.

EDITOR: Does Beard overwhelm his interlocutors with his erudition?

ROGERS: No, he even lets some of the persons with whom he discusses "The Republic" use erudition which is obviously his own. It was said of Macaulay that his idea of hell was a place in which he would be unable to correct the historical inaccuracies of his friends. Beard doesn't care about that; but it was also said of Macaulay that while a number of his contemporaries had great intellectual resources, he, unlike them, carried all of his in his breeches pocket. That is true of Beard. He has a tremendous range of

—*From "Best Cartoons of the Year, 1943* (PM).

"I don't see, Witherington, how you can be so concerned about the war, while we are all being threatened by the possibility of a fourth term."

**THE REPUBLIC: CONVERSATIONS ON FUNDAMENTALS. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 365 pp. $3.*

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information and ideas always on tap. He doesn't have to look things up in books or search his files before he can tell you what is what, factually and otherwise. Of course, when he talks to his doctor friend or other doubters he sometimes goes to his archives in order to confront them with overwhelming evidence, but this is because it will give him an excuse to read into the record long passages from *The Federalist* and other great documents. He varies the dialogue also by writing occasional letters to the doubters giving them some *esprit d'escalier* or calling their attention to very recent bits of information in the newspapers.

EDITOR: So the conversations are less formal and more informational than in Plato's "Republic"?

ROGERS: Yes. What Beard calls his seminars are held in different homes. He even gets inveigled into going to a cocktail party and the conversation is so bad that he takes off his earpiece so that he can ruminate without having to listen. I have seen him do this in his house at New Milford and in my apartment in New York, but I am happy to say there were always others present.

EDITOR: Do you think he ever takes off his earpiece when he and Mary Beard are alone?

ROGERS: Of course not. He is one husband who would never have to think with envy of the title that Anatole France gave to a play. But to get back to your question. Mary does not appear as one of the characters in the discussions, although I suspect that some of those who attend sometimes voice her opinions. Beard does slip her into one conversation—as a personage and not as a member of one of his seminars. He and she were in Washington some years ago and dined with H. G. Wells and the late Frank Simonds. The talk was about access to raw materials. Incidentally, I have always thought that people should talk also about lack of access on the part of raw material countries to manufactured products.

EDITOR: Never mind that. How did Mary get along with Simonds and Wells?

ROGERS: She put it all over him. She threw them for a total loss.

EDITOR: And I suppose Beard never gets thrown for a loss in his interchanges with the doctor and the senator and the Lincoln constitutionalist?

ROGERS: Of course not. Did Plato ever let himself down? But then Beard rarely gets thrown for a loss in his conversations with his friends. Surely you aren't going to blame him for wanting in this book to have the last word and to make it a convincing word.

EDITOR: And you say the range covered is a wide one?

ROGERS: Yes, from the beginnings of the Republic to the present day and even into the future. Beard knows the founding fathers and their writings forwards and backwards. His books on "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" and "Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy"—now a quarter of a century old—blazed new trails. That the Republic will have to have a new kind of economic underwriting to expand plant and to provide full employment is insisted upon.

EDITOR: Do you notice any gaps in the colloquies? Are there any important matters that are ignored or underemphasized?

ROGERS: There is very little about administration. I am inclined to think that the recruitment of an efficient bureaucracy for public enterprise rather than governmental tasks, its proper direction and its accountability to the political organs of the Republic will in the future be problems far more pregnant with dangers than some of those Beard discusses at great length.

EDITOR: Now you are trying to be precocious. How does Beard feel about the future of the Republic?

ROGERS: He doubts whether the world of nations will ever be as well ordered as a Sunday school. He has a fine time showing up the fallacies and the historical illiteracy of some proponents of pet international utopias but he has faith in our Republic, in American civilization, and in the future of America. At the end he makes an eloquent plea for "a combination of faith and knowledge" to carry on the values in our heritage—all this after Spengler has been polished off properly.

EDITOR: That sounds all right.

ROGERS: Dr. Smyth calls it "well seasoned pessimism" but Mrs. Smyth thinks it is "well reasoned optimism." Beard says that they can take it either or both ways.

EDITOR: Well, if you think that Beard has again demonstrated his brilliance and if, as appears, you have no substantial disagreements with what he says, why don't you try a review?

ROGERS: No. Perhaps if *The Saturday Review of Literature* does not publish a notice by me more people will buy the book and read it in order to savour its flavor.

EDITOR: O. K. with me, and if you are right I imagine O. K. with the Viking Press, and last but not least with Beard himself.

ROGERS: And I hope with Mary Beard also, who, by the way, has been writing a book on women in history. That's not up my alley, but do get her a good reviewer.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE FACE IS FAMILIAR . . .

Everyone is familiar with these 20 well-known titles, each of which describes an equally well-known character. But remembering the names of the characters is something else. Can you match each name with its proper title? Allowing 5 points for each correct pairing, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 19.

1. Mrs. Arbuthnot	( )	CATHER: "A Lost Lady."
2. Isabel Archer	( )	ALCOTT: "An Old Fashioned Girl."
3. Jody Baxter	( )	WILDE: "A Woman of No Importance."
4. Natty Bumppo	( )	PARKER: "Big Blonde."
5. Victor Campion	( )	DICKENS: "Our Mutual Friend."
6. Marion Forrester	( )	KENNEDY: "The Constant Nymph."
7. Gwynnplaine	( )	COOPER: "The Deerslayer."
8. John Harkless	( )	KNIGHT: "The Flying Yorkshireman."
9. John Harmon	( )	O. HENRY: "The Gentle Grafter."
10. Clem Hawley	( )	TARKINGTON: "The Gentleman from Indiana."
11. Michael Henchard	( )	KAUFMAN-HART: "The Man Who Came to Dinner."
12. Austin Limmason	( )	HUGO: "The Man Who Laughs."
13. Charlotte Lovell	( )	KIPLING: "The Man Who Was."
14. Manson	( )	HARDY: "The Mayor of Casterbridge."
15. Polly Milton	( )	WHARTON: "The Old Maid."
16. Hazel Morse	( )	MARQUIS: "The Old Soak."
17. Jeff Peters	( )	PARRISH: "The Perennial Bachelor."
18. Teresa Sanger	( )	JAMES: "The Portrait of a Lady."
19. Sam Small	( )	KENNEDY: "The Servant in the House."
20. Sheridan Whiteside	( )	RAWLINGS: "The Yearling."

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One Man's Affection for America

JOURNEY INTO AMERICA. By Donald Culross Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1943. 276 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

MR. PEATTIE has a conviction that the rest of the world does not understand America; and that perhaps much of America does not understand itself.

To Mr. Peattie, who has a yearning, though something over-romantic and over-lush, belief in his own land, ignorance of its inner meanings is a tragedy —as much for the world as for us. Therefore he has made an attempt in "Journey into America," to express his profound affection for his country. And this is no small task, for, like all emotional attitudes, it is difficult to express even in Mr. Peattie's flexible and often charming prose.

His effort takes the form of a book of impressions of episodes in our history, which he considers significant, as told to a perhaps imaginary *vis-à-vis,* one Baldur, a German liberal he knew before the war, who was obtusely ignorant of America, considered it had no history worth mentioning, and was generally all-around scornful of us and all our ways.

One feels that Mr. Peattie tries almost too hard to make his German friend (now presumably liquidated or in a concentration camp) see America as he sees it. His book becomes a series of what the motion picture industry would call montages—scenes which fade into one another, frequently failing to leave clear impressions, or make telling points.

Yet one should not assume that "Journey Into America" is not an entertaining book. The reverse is true. One of its merits is that the author follows no beaten paths in his selection of the incidents he narrates often with sparkling impact.

Thomas Jefferson, for example, does not write the Declaration of Independence before the reader's eye; he lies, instead, upon his last bed, and pushes back death for only just one more day, so that he can look upon the light of the Fourth of July, 1826, and know that his country has weathered successfully its first half-century of struggle.

George Washington does not receive the sword by Cornwallis to signalize the real end of the Revolution; he finds himself torn between the desires of his wife for a smooth-running household, and loyalty to an old Negro body servant who has disruptive effects on that household—in which the old Negro wins, not by logic, but through Washington's memories of Monmouth and Valley Forge.

Abraham Lincoln delivers no Gettysburg address; he fights out his uphill long debate with Stephen A. Douglas.

Other incidents are as tangent. You see Jim Bridger, listening for the first time to "Macbeth," read aloud to him by an orphaned boy, and hear at the end his penetrating comment: "I never did hold with letting a woman handle weepons."

You behold Kit Carson, told by the doctor that he can live for a few months longer if he sticks to a diet of milk sop, order his servant to, "Cook me some fust-rate doin's. Buffalo steak, strong coffee, and a pipe of tobacco..." And die sternly thus, rather than give in, ever, to sniveling and timorous invalidism.

Many other diverse episodes are related, and you visit and receive impressions of cities and hamlets as far apart as Marblehead and Santa Barbara, as divergent as Fredericksburg and Santa Fe, to discover the essence of America.

Whether you succeed in so doing depends on your viewpoint. You will derive some bright mental pictures of how history *might* have been, but this is not history. Its conversation, much of it, is apocryphal. Much of its detail also is the product of the recreative imagination of the author. The reader will miss the realism and sweat and drudgery of a plain people going into a continent to carve out a nation. But whether or not America as it really is appears in these pages, one America does become apparent—Mr. Peattie's America. And it has a charm of its own which will reward the not too-critical person who takes up "Journey into America."

—*Ward Wicart*
Donald Culross Peattie

The Road to Personal Rehabilitation

EXILED PILGRIM. By William Hubben. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 261 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

HERE is a delightful book, written with genuine love for humanity, with deep understanding, unaffected humor, and that striking sincerity which the greatest professional skill can never produce artificially.

Born into a hardworking, lower middle-class family of peasant stock, Mr. Hubben was brought up as a practising Catholic in Northwestern Germany, saw action during the war, and became a school teacher and principal. All his adult life he lived in the ambiguous atmosphere of Weimar Germany—but not for a moment did he lose his faith. For his faith in mankind was based on his faith in God. An unceasing quest for truth and the central values of belief guided him through the narrow straits between fanaticism and nihilistic cynicism—through which so pathetically few of his generation, in Germany, were able to sail. It was on that road that he found his way to the Friends.

His own religious struggle and growth never blinded him. With remarkable clarity he now exposes some of the crucial problems of the German mind. What an excellent piece, *e.g.,* is his presentation of a Franco-German teachers' meeting, or his unbiased characterization of "republican" civil servants in the German republic. It is a pity that Mr. Hubben—who has been active in this country for several years—still accepts certain post-1918 concepts, such as the guilt on the part of the victors, at the Versaille Conference, or the number of suicides committed between the Kaiser's and Hitler's régime.

Some readers, too, may envy the author his freedom from hate when reading his comments on the "harsh" treatment inflicted upon German burghers by the occupying Belgians in 1919 (which seems to have been a trifle indeed when compared to the notorious German behavior in Belgium a year before).

But even so, Mr. Hubben's small volume is one of the most appealing pieces of writing among the numerous memoirs of exiled Germans who have made their home in this country. An account of his American experiences might make an even more interesting book.

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Study in Brilliant Unbalance

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN. By Albert Jay Nock. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 326 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by H. J. HASKELL

IN the old days every town of pretensions had its village atheist. Bob Ingersoll was his hero and he shocked all right-minded persons by citing the mistakes of Moses and disputing Archbishop Usher's chronology of the Bible. His religious heresy was only one aspect of his character. Usually he was a perverse and cross-grained fellow who took a cynical view of the entire cosmos and its inhabitants. All church members were hypocrites, all business men crooks, all politicians self-seeking oafs. He could cite enough examples to make the more openminded of his hearers uneasy. But he was so blatant and so obviously superior in his attitude that he succeeded in producing vast irritation so that the openminded commonly joined forces with the complacent to rule him out of respectable society.

In the general point of view expounded in his latest book, "Memoirs of a Superfluous Man," Albert Jay Nock suggests a sublimated village atheist, learned, witty, keen, without theological crudities and intolerance, but with the old-timer's perversities and cocksureness, and his readiness to generalize from a few specific instances that can be used to prove his thesis. This last, of course, is a familiar and engaging human weakness. Another reservation must be made. The village atheist cherished his convictions and was prepared to crusade and suffer for them. Mr. Nock is colossally indifferent because nothing really matters. Here he is more in the tradition of Arthur Balfour of whom it was said that, while he believed that two and two made four, a gentleman would not press the point.

The perverse side of the village atheist shines through Mr. Nock's comments on recent wars. Those of us who never had heard of the Philippines when the blowing up of the Maine set off the Spanish-American War will be interested to learn that the war was prearranged by the rascally British who were desirous of keeping the islands out of the hands of the French or Germans. The First World War did not concern him because it was an inevitable result of economism and its outcome was a matter of complete indifference. So with the present war. "It is so completely in the natural succession of things that one can feel little concern with its fortuitous ups-and-downs or with its immediate outcome. . . . Therefore this war, like the last, had held no interest for me. I have had no curiosity about its progress, have read nothing of it, and all I have heard has been casual." Perhaps in moments of weakness he sometimes slips and glances at the war news in the papers. At least he somewhere notes that von Reichenau

Albert Jay Nock

led the invasion of France in 1940—a name that most of the conscientious newspaper readers have forgotten.

Mr. Nock's "Memoirs" is not an autobiography. He does not supply his readers with such irrelevant personal details as where or when he was born, where he went to college, whether he married, how he has made his living. Such personal history as he has furnished is intended merely as a framework for an account of the development of his ideas. The pose that emerges—for it seems to have been a pose that has been frozen into an attitude—is that of the superior individual who from a lofty ivory tower looks down on the *comédie humaine* with amused tolerance for its blood, toil, tears, and sweat in which moral values have no part.

The antics of the human race were a baffling problem to him until late in life he happened to read Ralph Adams Cram's essay on "Why We Do Not Behave Like Human Beings." Then all the parts of the puzzle fell into place. Mr. Cram advanced the doctrine that in the evolutionary process only occasional individuals have reached the level of *homo sapiens*. As for the rest they can learn their letters. They cannot learn to read. In short they are hopelessly subhuman. Surveying history Mr. Nock was convinced that there is no evidence that "psychically the masses of mankind have budged a single peg in six thousand years." They are essentially uneducated and uneducable. They cannot be improved by education or by political action. There you are. Nothing can be done about it.

Jefferson's idea of universal education as a buttress for democracy was one of the great man's mistakes. Universal education merely furnishes the masses with a tool which they are incompetent to use. With the spread of literacy has come a flood of absurd books and magazines to fit the tastes of Neanderthal man. Gresham's law that bad money drives out good applies to the field of reading. Bad literature drives out good. Nothing like the good literature of the middle of the last century is published in America today.

With the rise to political power of the subhuman majority, society in both Europe and America has been definitely set in the pattern of what Mr. Nock calls "economism," a word he prefers to materialism, in which men are exclusively preoccupied with the production and distribution of goods. In this preoccupation they are inexorably controlled by Epstean's iron law. This law was proclaimed from the Sinai of a New York dinner table by a friend of his, Edward Epstean: "Man tries to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion." Therefore men must continue to prey on each other in spite of the efforts of educators, preachers, and reforming politicians to correct their morals and improve their condition. Therefore they have refused to be made prosperous and happy by the grand panacea advocated by Henry George, one of the few persons for whom Mr. Nock professes admiration. In a simian world the single tax plus *laissez faire* was bound to command only disparaging sniffs. Driven by the Epstean-Nock law, Germany in seeking to plunder Europe is only attempting to do on a gigantic scale what men in general from the humblest individual to the captain of industry are trying to do in their own sphere of operations. But the illusion that conditions can be improved by political action has produced the terrifying development of Statism by which government, constantly strengthening its strangle-hold on the populace, can be used to plunder the industrious and thrifty minority for the benefit of the lazy and improvident majority—as in the case of the income tax which Mr.

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Nock detests as heartily as any *rentier*.

Education is in a hopeless muddle because we have been trying to educate the uneducable. The muddle is on the way to be resolved because society is awakening to the idea that it has no use for educated men and women, it needs only those who can be trained in certain skills. The Emersons can go hang. What society wants are more and better Edisons. Therefore it is devoting its educational institutions to producing faint replicas of the great inventor.

As was said at the outset there is a certain amount of uneasy truth in these generalizations. Disraeli once remarked that the English had discovered comfort and thought it was civilization—although Americans who have experienced British comforts might dissent. When old Doc Brinkley, the goat gland rejuvenator, came near being elected governor of Kansas, the usually optimistic William Allen White confessed his suspicion that mankind had always been beset by a vast moronic underworld that could be taught to read and write, but not to think; that lived on the level of its emotions and voted its prejudices, thus often elevating representative morons to seats of power. And a visitor to the ruins of Cnossus expressed the mournful opinion that modern plumbing with wiped joints could not be depended on to save civilization. We all have moods in which we sympathize with these pejorative views.

Nevertheless it might be said briefly that Mr. Cram's impressionistic observations on the subhuman race are hardly to be accepted as established, even though we may not be convinced as yet by the contrary conclusions of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, based on exhaustive scientific research.

As for the bright thought that the outcome of the war makes no difference Mr. Nock might find disagreement among the Poles, Russians, Greeks, and the other peoples singled out to be slaves of the master race. Finally in spite of slickers, exploiters, and parasites the bulk of the American people seem to take satisfaction in doing some kind of honest and useful work.

The views of a Superfluous Man are handsomely appareled and urbanely presented with occasional quotations in Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian elegantly and carelessly dropped in, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam — Hospodee pomeelooy!* As the perverse opinions of his village prototype were a hair shirt to complacency, these "Memoirs" should prove a stimulating conversation piece.

The Trade of Thomas Barbour

NATURALIST AT LARGE. By Thomas Barbour. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 1943. 314 *pp.* $3.50.

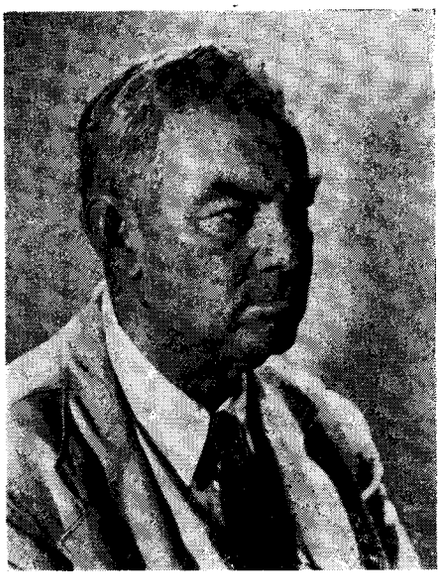
Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

MR. BARBOUR, one of the best-loved of living men who profess the trade of naturalist, is also (like the museum of which he is curator) one of the least intimately known, by the public. His museum, (of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard), as he frankly says, is a scientist's, a student's museum, much of whose finest wares are not on display for gaping crowds but are pigeon-holed where they will be of the most good to researchers. The man, too, is the exact opposite of the well-advertised showy scentists who organize large costly expeditions to collect large costly objects, and take care to blaze their trail in the public print.

A very private sort of person, known only to his intimates, Thomas Barbour has been in many of the strange places of the earth, without striving to constitute himself Chief Inhabitant wherever he goes. This book—his first outside the field of pure science—is the humorous, delightful, and unaltered confession of the man, at last. What those confessions are like may be judged from the opening sentence: "In the home I am a poor Peruna-soaked Methodist, but in the Museum I am a High Church port-wine drinking Episcopalian."

"I have been by inclination an old-fashioned naturalist," he goes on to inform us, "many tell me the last of the breed. . . . No man has ever had more fun with his chosen tasks. When I am taxed with 'You never do anything that you don't want to do,' my answer is, 'Not if I can help it.'"

Probably no one has any great sway over his innocent waywardness except his wife, an especially powerful member of the powerful clan of Brookline Bowditches. Occasionally we see Mr. Barbour as his family sees him when he dumps very dead porpoises in their laps to carry home for him because they belong to rare species. You don't have to be crazy, he frankly quotes his daughter as saying, to hold down a job like Pa's—but it helps. This is the same daughter, I believe, who, unable to get out of the groove,



—*Richard Tucker*
Thomas Barbour

married an anthropologist and recently wrote a book, "No Limit But the Sky," telling what it is like to be a scientist's wife.

The tropics are Barbour's specialty; and he frankly loves them. He does not discourse upon the hardships of tropical exploration, and speaks only of the beauty of equatorial forests, flowers, birds, butterflies, fishes, and reptiles. Reptiles and amphibians, in particular, he collects. Throughout his book the collector is the figure in the foreground, and the systematist is the intellect behind the collector. If you have any of the collector in you, you cannot escape sharing some of the joys Barbour has felt, and relates, at coming upon a single specimen of some rare and oftimes lovely species that has not, perhaps, been seen since Alfred Wallace described it almost a century ago. With this sort of adventurer the book teems as it does with the humor and the beauty of travel. If you are looking for more violent forms of adventure, for handshakings with the scientific great-of-earth, or for deep soul meanings, you will be asking for something these pleasing pages seldom give you.

One is frequently reminded, in them, of Wallace's travels, not only because Barbour retraces so many of Wallace's illustrious footsteps, but from a similarity of viewpoint between that great Victorian naturalist and Thomas Barbour. Perhaps, after all, this man *is* the last of the breed of old-fashioned naturalist. Yet, like the Mad Hatter's butter, it's the *best* breed.

Back the Attack
With War Bonds

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Cracking Our Way into Germany

THE INVASION OF GERMANY. By Curt Riess. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 206 *pp. maps.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

SOMETIME beyond the year 1943, says Curt Riess, the Wehrmacht will fight its last hopeless battle. The Russians will have cracked the Vistula line and stormed Berlin. The British and Americans will be pounding up the Danube Valley, and they will be moving in for the kill from bridgeheads in Norway, Belgium, and France. The Nazis, rebuffed in a drive for a negotiated peace, will fight now as cornered beasts. They will unleash the terrible weapon of poison gas. Behind their lines they will stamp out, in a final orgy of SS brutality, all defeatists. Who knows?—they may even carry with them into Valhalla the corpses of several million Allied prisoners and slave laborers, murdered hostages of the Hitlerite New Order. But all this will be a death rattle, for inside Germany, in the strategic triangle formed by Leipzig, Dresden, and Chemnitz, the armies of the United Nations will win the ultimate victory.

Mr. Riess does not try to lift the curtain on the future in any Nostradamus fashion. His vision of World War II's end inside Germany is not plucked from the unsubstantial air. It flows from a solid, logical, instructive and absorbing analysis based on two things: first, a competent observer's (the author declines to classify himself in the species military expert) study of military textbooks and the complex factors—geography, strategy, morale, propaganda, foreign policy, logistics, and weapons—of total war; and second, a deep conviction that "only through an invasion of their own country can the German people be convinced that they have lost the war and that it will be too costly and destructive to themselves to wage wars in the future."

It is a commentary on the immense shift in the war's tide that Mr. Riess can deal swiftly with the preliminary Anglo-American invasion of Europe, a job now in hand, and plunge directly into what he calls a "Baedeker" on the invasion of the Nazi heartland. Less than two years ago Lieut. Col. Kernan was stirring the despondent, retreating Allied world with his "Defense Will Not Win the War"—and more than one voice scoffed at his cry for an offensive against Italy as premature. Mr. Riess completed his manuscript last June, a fortnight before the invasion of Sicily. Although he did not forsee the sudden political collapse of Italy—who did?—and therefore makes no attempt to assess the far-reaching consequences certain to stem from that event, he did consider an invasion of Italy as the key to a flank attack on the Balkans. And, for the British and Americans, says Mr. Riess, it is in the Balkans that "all the practical roads to Germany begin."

Outside the Balkans, Russia provides the most obvious paths to Berlin, and Mr. Riess believes it is one of the war's tragedies that the British and Americans cannot march side by side with the Red Army along those paths. Since "The Invasion of Germany" was written, Prime Minister Churchill has promised a massive thrust in due time against the continent from England. Mr. Riess regards such a thrust, or thrusts, as necessary. But he holds it as a first principle that the Allied High Command must not scatter its major force; it must choose one of the peripheral attacks, which will confuse and dissipate German resistance, as the main blow. He gives his vote to the Balkans. When the British and Americans, coördinating their drives with those of the Red Army, have advanced well up the Vardar and Morava Valleys, landed on the Bulgarian Black Sea coast, and marched through Bucharest and Budapest—then the men holding the bloody bridgeheads, perhaps at Antwerp, Brest, and Sete, can push toward the Rhine and across.

In the Balkans the German military advantage of interior lines is at its weakest and most vulnerable. Mr. Riess is no Seversky; he says flatly that Germany "cannot be bombed out of the war." But in air power, directed savagely and incessantly at Nazi railroads, highways, airdromes, canals, and ports, he sees the weapon that will checkmate the advantage of interior lines. The campaign in Italy bears out this observation. Once Allied airpower disorganizes German overland transport, then Allied seapower has all the edge in communications.

—Raleigh News and Observer

"It's easy for you to talk, Tojo—you can always commit Hara-Kiri."

The most striking part of Mr. Riess's study is that devoted to the defense of the Reich itself. Germany, he says, "is an almost ideal theatre of war for the invader. And an equally hopeless terrain for the defender. . . . . Since it is an axiom of the [German] general staff that war cannot be conducted inside Germany, no country is so ill-prepared for invasion as Germany." This seems a formidable statement, but Mr. Riess is talking about Germany behind the Channel defenses, the Alps, the Westwall, the Vistula, and the Leitha line. Germany has mostly a flat or rolling terrain, a mild climate, no difficult river barriers, a dense population that might impede military manoeuvring. Mr. Riess believes that, when the time comes, the Nazis will rest their homeland's defense on three army groups: one posted in Silesia, another in Pomerania, a third in Hanover. Clearly, he expects the Russians to beat the British and Americans into the German heartland.

Not since the Napoleonic era has Germany been a theatre of war, although her Prussian-drilled soldiers have often carried war into neighboring lands. This immunity to invasion—not basically broken by Allied aerial bombardment, in Mr. Riess's opinion—must be destroyed. How else, the author implies, will the German people, conditioned by Goebbels's masterly propaganda, realize they are beaten? Premier Stalin has encouraged a Free Germany movement, and Prime Minister Churchill has pointed to Prussian militarism and Nazi tyranny as the first enemies within the Reich. But Mr. Riess finds a danger in distinguishing between Germans and their masters. The distinction leads away from the idea of unconditional surrender; it is analagous, he thinks, to forgiving the Capone mobsters if they ratted on Scarface Al.

This is a harsh judgment, perhaps, but certainly the question of war guilt and reparation will stand among the foremost and knottiest of future problems. Mr. Riess sides with those who want no more Darlanism and are worried over the possible long-term effects of short-term military expediency. He is on less contentious ground when he observes that the invasion of Germany is, in a sense, only the first step to enduring peace. After it must come the hard job of re-educating a whole people away from the aggressive way of life; in short, there must be "an invasion of the German mind."

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The Secret of Japan's Strength

JAPAN FIGHTS FOR ASIA. By John Goette. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 248 pp., with index. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

JOHN GOETTE has spent twenty years in the Far East; for five of these years, he was an accredited correspondent with the Japanese Army, for six months its prisoner. His book, "Japan Fights for Asia," is the record of these years and some of these experiences.

In common with most other authors on Far Eastern topics, Mr. Goette is seriously handicapped. So many books have been written in the past two years that little can be said now that is new either in reportage or in interpretation. Even Mr. Goette's interesting eye-witness account of the Marco Polo Bridge incident which opened the Sino-Japanese war seems unimportant against the immense canvas of the Second World War.

Yet, Mr. Goette has succeeded in presenting a number of significant points all too often ignored.

Of these, the most important is his emphasis on Japan's strength. He cites dozens of examples demonstrating the Japanese Army's ruthless efficiency, its capacity for sacrifice, its endurance and strength, its daring strategy. His arguments should provide a good antidote to the uninformed confidence of enthusiastic Congressmen and axe-grinding editors.

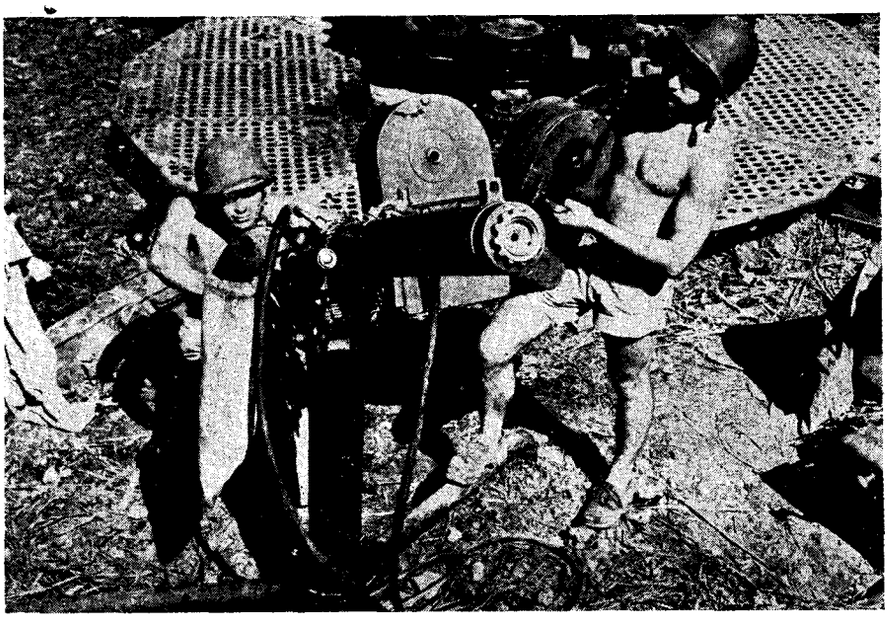
Another important point is a reminder that though Japan has not knocked China out she has proven her ability to occupy almost any point on the map of China. Today, the Japanese Army is content to hold what it has overrun because further excursions are too costly in blood and too unremunerative in returns. And Mr. Goette justly scores those who overestimate the role of the Chinese guerrillas.

Still another of Mr. Goette's points is that Japan cannot, and should not, be destroyed after her defeat. This is the way he puts it:

> When the fighting is over, there will still remain a Japanese race more industrially competent than ever before. It is virile and tense and nervously active in seeking release for pent-up energy. Any post-war sentiment which ignores these Japanese national characteristics will merely feed the fires of future discord in the Pacific.

But these sound arguments, it seems to me, are built on an unsound foundation. In giving Japan credit where credit was due, Mr. Goette has also given her credit where she deserved none. At times, he has been misled by Japanese propaganda. At other times, he has generalized on the basis of his limited observation in North China—where the Japanese methods have differed radically from those in the areas to the south.

Mr. Goette credits the Japanese with political sagacity, which, I am confident, they do not possess. In a Shantung town, the Japanese Army tempted shopkeepers and landlords who fled into the countryside to return to their homes with offers of tickets to a Japanese movie and a Japanese brothel. This example has been typical of the mentality of the Japanese empire-builder. He has been intolerant, ruthless, ignorant of the mores of the peoples he attacked, and politically inept.



U. S. Marine Corps gunners man a heavy machine-gun on Rendova Island in the Solomons. This type of battery protects long-range U. S. anti-aircraft guns.

John Goette credits Japan with sacrifices to keep the economy of the occupied areas going. To a measure, this was true in North China. It was not true elsewhere. In Shanghai, I myself saw and photographed the mountains of industrial machinery the Japanese Army was shipping to Japan—to be used not as machinery but as scrap. In Shanghai, as in Canton, Hongkong, and Singapore, the Japanese have dismantled hundreds of industrial plants, and have added almost none. The textile plants in Tsingtao, of which Mr. Goette speaks, have been re-equipped with idle looms brought from Japan by the parent-companies.

Mr. Goette credits Japan with supreme confidence in victory which she definitely no longer has. This is a typical quotation from his book:

> . . . Understanding . . . will save us from the grievous error of wishfully thinking that there is a military caste browbeating the Japanese people; that we can hope to cleave the Japanese masses from their generals and thus bring about the internal collapse of our enemy. Emperor, generals, junior officers, soldiers, civilian men, women, and children, and the Rising Sun flag are unity.

Tojo's speech on September 22 was but one of the signs that the confidence Japan had in the summer of 1942 has evaporated. Japan, as Mr. Goette correctly points out, is a tough foe, who will fight obstinately for every foot of the ground. But the foundation of Japan's strength is rotten, and every day brings additional evidence of Tokyo's awareness of this. Failure to point out adequately these weaknesses of Japan's position mar an otherwise competent and interesting book.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 497)

BROWNING:
EURYDICE TO ORPHEUS
(A PICTURE BY LEIGHTON)
(First published without metrical divisions, in the Royal Academy Catalogue, *1864.)*

But give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow!
Let them once more absorb me! One look now
Will lap me round forever, not to pass
Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond:
Hold me but safe again within the bond
Of one immortal look!

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MEDICINE FOR THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS

THERE is a disposition in some quarters to regard Carl Sandburg primarily as a hayseed philosopher and poet, a shaggy, higgledy-piggledy wandering minstrel of democracy. The danger in surrounding him with this tall corn is that the tassels may get in our own eyes, obscuring the real stature of one of the soundest and wisest thinkers of our time. Don't be fooled by the homilies or the haircut, by the broad grin or the banjo under the arm. Back of it all lies depth, range, perception—a clear, reasoning mind capable and productive of judgments and analyses as vital to our time as anything being written or said in America today.

Consider, for example, his latest book,* a collection of short writings turned out over the last few years. Most of the pieces and poems tell of a slumbering democracy finally awakening and rising to a danger that had all but overcome it almost before it had finished rubbing its eyes. There are pieces done for the newspapers as a weekly series; magazine articles; speeches and radio talks; poems and fragments of folklore; and, at the end, a picture section based on the famous "Road to Victory" exhibition shown at the Museum of Modern Art, for which Carl Sandburg supplied text and captions. The whole may make for diffusion; if so, it is a magnificent diffusion lighted up in its reflection of a brilliantly colorful mind.

There is a consistency even in the dispersity. Like a good baseball pitcher with a change of pace and a wide assortment of curves and drops, Sandburg can throw perfect strikes with almost any type of pitch. Whether it's a short talk on the air or a fairly long essay, he is always aiming at the same target: the scoffers, the sour-noters, the cynics, the belittlers, the retreaters, the obstructionists. Sandburg has been aiming at this target all his life, but ever since the war began the intensity and range of his fire have been accelerated. Back in the Spring of 1940, when the Young Aviator was filling the air with horror and gloom (England is certain to be defeated, etc., etc.), and holding forth as a symbol of glorious American youth, Sandburg knocked down his arguments as fast as they were floated up. "If you are for America first and therefore democracy first, why are you silent about Hitler and the Nazis . . . ? Does your silence about Nazi Germany mean that you are trying carefully and scrupulously to maintain yourself as an honest neutral? If so, why have you without care and without scruples gone out of your way again and again to deliver harsh and bitter condemnations of the British government . . . ? Or were you so modest and self-effacing that you didn't for a moment realize that you were doing your best to help Hitler and the Nazis win their way to destroy democracy and set up a world 'New Order?' "

Week after week, the pounding continued. "His [the Young Aviator's] theories of race discrimination and the color line [are] quite the opposite of those held by Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln . . . His theories are not new. They are to be found, in their main tone and trend, in the declarations of the Know-Nothing Party of Lincoln's generation, also in the pronouncements of the Ku Klux Klan of the early 1920s, and a little later in 'Mein Kampf' and the speeches, writings, doctrines of the Nazis on race superiority . . . Nowhere in speeches and writings of the one-time flyer do we find any hint of the passion for freedom and equality of opportunity that shook Lincoln."

—Caricature by Eva Herrmann

Why bring this up now? Isn't all this old hat? Didn't Pearl Harbor settle those issues? That's precisely the point, and precisely the value of this book. For Pearl Harbor didn't settle the issues, nor did it dispose of the sour-noters; it only drove them to shelter and a supposed silence. But they have been at the old game nevertheless, spreading in their newspapers and from their official positions the old canards against ideas that spring out of free minds, belittling the war and the war effort, scoffing and blocking attempts to keep America a part of the world once the war ends, ridiculing the judgment of the Army concerning its manpower needs, keeping alive and dispensing the poison that may make us lose the peace even if we win the war.

What do they stand for, this crew of down-in-the-mouthers to whom every day is Black Friday? If they do not like plans proposed for American participation in the post-war world, let them suggest one of their own. But they cannot, because they have no plan. They are the anarchists of the twentieth century—anarchists not in the original and lofty sense, but in the crudest and most opprobrious sense; the world has become a geographic unit but they believe in international anarchy, in a world running merrily to pot. No, that is not quite right; they don't believe that. It is more correct to say that they don't believe in anything. They have been proved wrong and rather than see someone else continue to be proved right would sink us all.

Would that we had it in our power to hand out literary prescriptions. We would stuff this book down the throats of the international nihilists; if they can't read they might at least absorb something through the bloodstream. At that, it should be better than eating crow.

N. C.

*HOME FRONT MEMO. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 310 pp., with illustrated appendix. $3.

Bomber Ground Crew

By Pvt. Boris Todrin

THEY take their agony up
To the gun-stoked sky,
And we on the bomb-hard earth
With our heartwells dry
Work, wait and sup
While our combat birds are up.

No enemy turret can burn
Our air-linked brotherhood:
The flier, the man on the ground
Have understood
That he who shall return
Another day may burn.

Alive between star and flame,
Shadow in nests of cloud
Our bomber hatches death—
His vengeance voice is loud.
We on earth and our free birds far
Die, live from star to star.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Is Germany Incurable?"—Cont.

SIR: Since you have already used much space in discussing Dr. Richard M. Brickner's "Is Germany Incurable?" I shall try to make this short. As somebody closely connected with the publication of this book, I cannot let go unchallenged the letter from Harry Elmer Barnes in the September 18, 1943 issue.

If I did not know Dr. Barnes's standing, the internal evidence of his letter would force me to assume that he had not read the book before attacking it, that his knowledge of its thesis came second-hand from an inaccurate review or conversation. Under the circumstances I can only assume that, having read it, he then forgot most of what he had read. Several of his statements amount to downright misrepresentation.

He says, for instance, that "the topic dealt with does not fall in the realm of psychiatry," that it is instead "an issue of social science." This attitude does not merely suggest a compartmentation of science that would soon smother all human knowledge. It also unfairly neglects the fact that anthropology is a noted social science and that Dr. Margaret Mead, an authority more than competent to challenge Dr. Barnes's professional snobbishness, vouches in an enthusiastic preface for the anthropological background of the book's approach.

Dr. Barnes also accuses the Brickner hypothesis of a group-trend toward paranoid values in modern German culture of being analogous to "the dogma of a 'folk-soul' . . . which has had no status in social science for more than a generation." This is misrepresentation, intentional or not. Even a superficial reading of Chapters VIII and IX would have shown that the discredited idea of a "folk-soul" has no more to do with a psychiatric description of what Dr. Mead calls "a national way of behaving" than alchemy has to do with the cyclotron. The book insists throughout on group-behavior as, in some aspects, the product of individual behaviors, those individual behaviors in turn being produced by emotional factors familiar to the psychiatrist, and stimulated by longstanding cultural traditions. The chapters mentioned contain several careful renunciations of ideas in the "folk-soul" tradition.

Dr. Barnes's fairness and accuracy are still more dubious in his offering "the idea that a whole nation could contract paranoia" as the thesis of the book. Those nine words contain two glaring errors. Nowhere in the book is there any hint that every German has succumbed to paranoia—a highly definable mental state in speaking of which the psychiatrist must be more careful of accuracy than Dr. Barnes seems to feel obliged to be. Nor is there even any indication that every German partakes in the "group paranoid trend" which is what Dr. Barnes evidently takes to be the equivalent of clinical paranoia in individuals—an assumption that I should have supposed impossible in even the most careless reader. Consider these sentences from the book as evidence of this misrepresentation:

> When we speak of Germany as a paranoid society, we do not mean that every German is paranoid—in fact a large and important section of this book is founded on the existence of many non-paranoid Germans. . . . On the existence and stamina of this non-paranoid group within Germany hangs the future of the world.
>
> Again: There is no effort made here to indict a whole nation. It would be both inaccurate and unconstructive to employ the concept of group paranoid trends as a means of casting the whole German population in the role of villains.

There is much more to the same effect of which the above bits are mere samples.

I consider it irresponsible and unethical for anybody, let alone a man of Dr. Barnes's standing, to permit himself such disregard for accuracy.

J. C. FURNAS.

Lebanon, N. J.

"Oh, I wouldn't buy him a book, if I were you . . . he's got a book."

SIR: Like the letter of the six psychiatrists in your issue of July 31, the letter by J. C. Furnas is an excellent example of the psychological mechanism of Projection. He seems to have read my letter in your issue of September 18 quite carelessly and distorts my statements. Whereupon, he accuses me of carelessness and distortion in dealing with Dr. Brickner's book.

It seemed to me that those who participated in your original panel discussion of Dr. Brickner's book gave every evidence of familiarity with the actual text of Dr. Brickner's volume. But the six psychiatrists apparently thought otherwise. They accused the panel members of "fantastic misinterpretation." So, they proceeded to *"state briefly the precise nature of Dr. Brickner's argument."* Since my letter was prompted chiefly by their communication, and lest I might also be accused of "fantastic misinterpretation," I dealt with their "official" summary of the theses of the book, so far as space permitted. But my reading of Dr. Brickner's book assures me that the psychiatrists did a very good job of epitomizing. They did not misrepresent the argument of the book, nor did I in replying to the points made in the epitome.

Despite Mr. Furnas's denial, Dr. Brickner's book does rest primarily on analogical reasoning, assuming that mental patterns existing in individuals are applicable to groups and nations, a methodological assumption repudiated by social science.

Mr. Furnas cites Dr. Margaret Mead as an authority vouching for the soundness of Dr. Brickner's methodology. Dr. Mead is a great authority on the adolescent sexuality of primitive peoples and I respect her vast knowledge of that subject. But I

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doubt if she or her best friends would contend that she has given as much attention as I have to the fields, methods, and interrelationships of the social sciences. At any rate, our books are readily available and readers can satisfy themselves as to which of us is best qualified to deal with the subject of methodology in social science.

Mr. Furnas contends that my assertion that psychiatry, as a science of individual psychopathology, is not competent to deal with the history and psychology of nations implies a "compartmentation of science that would smother all human knowledge." Much of my writing has been an attack upon undue compartmentalization of knowledge and in behalf of all valid use of psychiatry in history and social science. But there are reasonable limits to the scope and validity of any field of knowledge.

Suppose we put the shoe on the other foot. It so happens that I know as much as the average practising psychiatrist about the history and theory of psychiatry, but if I set up to practise psychiatry I would not only be condemned on intellectual grounds. I could be locked up as a criminal. We simply lack comparable legal protection against psychiatrists who assume to practise history and sociology.

The heaviest guns in Mr. Furnas's bombardment are reserved for his allegation that I have stated that the main thesis of Dr. Brickner's book is "the idea that a whole nation could contract paranoia."

It so happens that, in my letter, I did not state that this is the main thesis of the book, but I could have done so, and do so state right now. Why all the fuss and fury about this? The six psychiatrists, who assure us that they are providing "the precise nature of Dr. Brickner's argument," especially emphasize the Brickner thesis that a whole nation can take on paranoid traits of thought. I quote verbatim point (7) of their summary:

"He (Dr. Brickner) then carefully points out that latent trends in this direction (paranoia) exist in every human being, in varying degree; and that paranoid leadership, once it has power to exercise an exclusive influence in the affairs of a nation, will gradually bring into power a large number of paranoid-minded and paranoid-hearted (sic!) people, until this finally becomes the only effective voice of the country. He then points out that by 'educational' processes this distorted image can be engrafted as a social ideal on the people as a whole, even on those individuals in whom paranoid mechanisms are of inconsiderable strength. The consequence is that a whole people learns a form of behavior which is not by any means endogenous to it."

If this is not only a stark and forthright statement that a nation as a whole *can* contract paranoia but also an account of precisely *how* it can do so, according to the Brickner hypothesis, then I am unable to read and understand the English language. If the psychiatrists misrepresented their hero, then Mr. Furnas should get after them good and plenty. But the text of Dr. Brickner's book affords little evidence that they distorted his views in the crucial passage I have quoted.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.
Cooperstown, New York

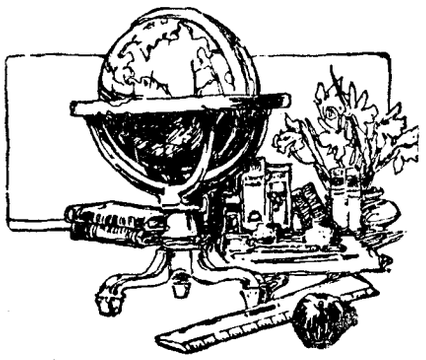
Struthers Burt and the Germans

SIR:—Amidst the piercing cacophony of the present war, *The Saturday Review* has seen fit to amplify what Edmund Wilson once aptly called Struthers Burt's "fierce, shrill, Philadelphian shrieks." I refer to Struthers Burt's article, "My Student Days in Germany" [*SRL*, Aug. 28], a model of appalling and aggressive provincialism. Burt spends some thousands of words assuring us that he found the Germans a queer and ungentlemanly people. It would be interesting, and equally instructive, to discover what Burt's German acquaintances thought of him.

True, he omitted Wagner. But all the rest of the components of the low-threshold atrocity stories were there. Beer, lieder, and sausages. And undergraduate fraternities. So different from Princeton, from Oxford, from Philadelphia and the fearsome judgments of the maiden aunts. The *schmiss* across the cheekbone, so vulgar and so incomparably inferior to the sprung knee of the football guard. The Schwabisher Verein (I hesitate to question so formal a matter as the spelling), so much more gauche than the fraternity whose heritage stretches back to Miami or V.M.I., whose motto grasps convulsively at the culture of the Greeks. How pathetic its Teutonic pretensions, its learning, its kidneys compared to a Princeton Club.

And the beer! Those who drank the juniper flavored grain alcohol of my generation's college days can well understand Burt's disgust with a nonlethal beverage that came billowing out in floods, can well admire his talents for disposing of it at both ends. We all can join Burt in his proper American contempt for sausages. Who would dream of eating them when hotdogs and hamburgers were available? And as for lieder, all the evidence is not yet in as to why Burt's singing of them made Burt and all his companions cry.

Mr. Burt touches with an impressive prurience upon the relationship between his German student companions and the fair sex. To me, who cherish memories of halcyon interludes between my classmates and the more sensitive taxi-dancers, the livelier waitresses, his revelations were appalling.



By far the largest portion of this article is devoted to proving that German table manners weren't what Struthers Burt was used to, back home. Whether this is a good or a bad thing isn't made entirely clear. Almost as an afterthought he mentions the nouveau riche nationalism of the German students. However, the glory of the German race, the German empire are pallid, meretricious things even when examined from different standards than those of the Main Line and Old Nassau. Germanism, Pan Germanism are not only wrong when they exist among students who drink gallons of beer, sing lieder, and eat sausages intimately with young ladies. Their bland assumptions about being the only correct way of life are far more aggressive than even Struthers Burt's, and possess a far greater fire power per yard of front line.

It so happens that this war is not being fought against beer, fraternities, lieder, or even sausages. It is being fought against the blithe assumption that merely being a German (or merely being an anything, including a Princeton alumnus) makes a man better than his neighbors, with all the privileges automatically appertaining thereto. It is being fought against the comforting delusion that foreigners are at best second- or third-class citizens, professionally fitted only for the livelier sections of the sideshows.

Perhaps, to quote Edmund Wilson again, "God and Struthers Burt are gentle folks." Out here we don't know much about that kind of gentility. Out here we think that Philadelphia scrapple isn't even good for dog food.

GEORG MANN.
5400 Dorchester Ave.,
Chicago 15, Illinois.

"The Apostle"

SIR: Mr. R. Ellis Roberts in his review on Sholem Asch's book "The Apostle" in your issue of Sept. 18, asks "Why in an English translation of a German novel, should we suffer from such pedantry as Bar Naba for Barnabas, Silo for Silas, Rab Istephan for Stephan, Chananyah for Ananias? And if we are to have Yeshua instead of Jesus, why not Yokanaan for John which is given throughout the book as Jochanan?"

May I inform Mr. R. Ellis Roberts that the "Apostle" is not a German novel. The book was written in Yiddish and translated from the Yiddish. Mr. Sholem Asch is the outstanding Yiddish novelist at present. And because the novel is written in Yiddish Bar Naba for Barnabas and Silo for Silas, Rab Istephan for Stephan and Chananyah for Ananias and Yeshus instead of Jesus are perfectly correct.

SOLOMON SIMON.
882 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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At Home in Westminster

WHERE LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP DWELT. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 241 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IN 1885, when she was sixteen years old, Marie Belloc returned with her mother to the house at La Celle St. Cloud and the unforgotten, dearly-loved life among her French relatives of which she made so moving a record in "I Too Have Lived in Arcadia." This volume, which covers the years to 1896, when she married Selby Lowndes, is fully as rich in recollection, as evocative of the past as the book to which it is the sequel.

The first half of this book is concerned with life in France, and the characters, drawn with the skill of a critical and intelligent love, are mostly of family friends and relatives. Many were persons well-known in their day in the world of affairs, of science, of the arts; many of these are now only names except to the student and in giving them life Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has performed a dear act of piety. One man, however, scorned feared, mocked in his own day, is a figure of European importance—Paul Déroulède. Even today one meets publicists who, commenting on French politics after 1870, glibly assert that all Frenchmen lived for revenge, were bellicose, intransigent, unteachable. The facts are all the other way. By 1885 the greater part of French opinion was resigned to the results of the war. Patriotism was unfashionable.

> Once a year a gathering of men and women took place below the shrouded statue of Strasbourg, in the Place de la Concorde; but it was almost entirely composed of Alsatians and Lorrainers who lived in Paris. The one desire of the France of those days was to be left to live in peace. Here and there some intelligent man—I never heard a woman except my mother say so—would express a fear that Germany was not sated; but that expression of fear was never coupled with any wish to regain the lost provinces.

Paul Déroulède fought against this inertia. He was no chauvinist, in spite of his fatal support of Boulanger; he was pro-English, and he saw clearly that there was something quite irreconcilable between the German spirit and the European tradition which at its highest France values and has helped to preserve. Of this man, finally driven into exile, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes gives a brilliant portrait. What she writes is very apposite for our time, when we are confronted with the same problem of binding the barbarians—they exist in other countries than Germany—if we are to save our civilization from ruin.

When Marie and her mother returned to England in 1887 she promptly "commenced journalism." She knew her opportunities as well as her talents—which is rather rare in young people. She would supply news about France, and French artists, to London papers. She had tact, charm, an eager mind, and shrewdness. Among the great men and near-great whom she interviewed were Verlaine, Anatole France, Zola, Daudet, Edmond de Goncourt (Jules was dead), and "Gyp"—Countesse de Martel, whose novels make nearly all English "smart" fiction seem a little clumsy and adolescent. There is a fascination in her accounts of all these; and in the future her pages about Verlaine and Anatole France must be consulted by any biographer. For to this girl both those authors showed a side not apparently shown to older admirers. How different can be shown by this tale of Verlaine. He was speaking of his miserable life in London, telling Marie Belloc of his brief, happy married life:

> Then, suddenly he stopped speaking. The bells of one of the City churches had begun to strike twelve. Verlaine's face cleared, and he suggested we should say the Angelus. So this we did, kneeling side by side. I have often been with a fellow Catholic when twelve o'clock began striking, but that was the first and last time such a suggestion was ever made to me.

I think Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is mistaken in saying that Verlaine's lecture at Oxford was given in "a hole-and-corner way." I was only a boy at the time; but I was told that Yorke Powell, then Regius Professor of History, took Verlaine to dinner in Christ Church Hall; and the lecture was given in a large room at the back of Blackwell's bookshop, only because it was difficult to secure a more public hall of the right size.

Among other subjects are Richet, an early investigator into psychical phenomena, Jules Verne, Dumas *fils*, Caran d'Ache, the exquisitely brilliant caricaturist who anticipated the art of Walt Disney, Sarah Bernhardt, and Louise Michel, "the Red Virgin," of whom she writes with tenderness and an amused understanding.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has lived a rich, full, humane life; and it is our luck that she can share with those less fortunate the memories she has treasured. I hope that this book will have its successors, in which we shall hear more of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes at home in the little house in Westminster, the home now destroyed by the same savagery which robbed and defiled the house at La Celle St. Cloud.

An original sonnet by Christopher Morley, composed in honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Columbia University Press, is featured in the Press's catalogue of Fall publications, which will be ready for distribution next week. The catalogue also contains a brief history of five decades of publishing at Columbia, from the time when the nine trustees donated five dollars each to start things off until today, which finds the Press a large departmentalized organization issuing about one hundred titles a year.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE AFFAIR OF THE FAINTING BUTLER *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Poison in pills slays Hollywood author and secretary. Huntoon Rogers cracks case.	Well-plotted and surprising yarn with good atmosphere, sufficient humor, plentiful action, and unobtrusively effective sleuthing.	High grade
MURDER IN HAVANA *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Curly-haired Andy Talbot, in Havana after secret navy mission, gets mixed up in two murders.	Good mixture of intrigue and detection, with brisk action, vivid characters, and pungent situations.	Good

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TRADE Winds

CUBAN FISHERMEN along the docks in Havana have grown used to the presence of a burly American who fishes with them in amiable silence and performs more important duties on the side that they know nothing about. "Señor Way" they call him, convinced that "Heming" is his first name, and there is evident affection in their voices when they speak of him. "Señor Way," one of them went so far as to declare to a visiting correspondent, "is a great American—as great as the other two most famous men in your history!" "Which two do you mean?" the correspondent asked idly. "Señor George Washington and Señor Tom Collins," was the prompt reply. . . .

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, whose wife died September 12, inserted the following in the personal column of *The London Times:*

> Mr. Bernard Shaw received such a prodigious mass of letters on the occasion of his wife's death that, though he has read and values them all, an attempt to acknowledge them individually is beyond his powers.
>
> Therefore he begs his friends and hers to be content with this omnibus reply and to assure them that the very happy ending to a very long life has left him awaiting his own turn with perfect serenity. . . .

SPEAKING OF personal columns, *The Los Angeles Examiner's* classified page carried an insertion recently that sounded like something straight out of Havelock Ellis. "Young man," it read, "with slender feminine feet likes to wear ladies' shoes, hose, etc. Will wear and break in ladies' shoes, sizes 8-9, in my home or place of your choice. Spike heels O. K." . . . *The Examiner's* great rival, *The Los Angeles Times,* meanwhile, carried the following dispatch:

> "BALTIMORE. (AP)—Whenever Private Albert J. Scheufele comes home—next week, next month or next year—it will be Christmas for him. Mrs. Scheufele will cook red and yellow ornaments and dripping tinsel will be waiting." . . .

"Stay where you are, Al," counselled *The New Yorker:* "You're sitting pretty!" . . .

JOHN GUNTHER is home from Sicily and has rushed out to Minneapolis to confer with his radio sponsors. This led someone to suggest that he name his next book "From General Eisenhower to General Mills." . . . At about the same moment you read this note, some lover of literature will be purchasing the five hundred thousandth copy of "The Robe." . . . Ralph Peterson is conducting his own weekly "Books Are Bullets" type of radio program over the University of Wisconsin's station, WHA. He may be heard every Thursday afternoon at 3:30. The Council's own program continues on Station WQXR every Wednesday at 5 P. M. . . . When Wendell Willkie's "One World" was at the peak of its phenomenal sale, the city of Saint Louis, for four successive weeks, prevented its scoring a clean sweep of the number one position in

the national best-seller lists. Saint Louis chose Irma S. Rombauer's "The Joy of Cooking" (Bobbs-Merrill). Mrs. Rombauer sent Mr. Willkie a copy of her book, with "sincere apologies" written on the flyleaf. Mr. Willkie wrote back "Congratulations to the people of Saint Louis who show such discriminating judgment." An' dat's how politicians was born. . . .

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE got a wonderful break in timing when their "What to Do with Italy" hit the stands the very day that the news of Badoglio's surrender was made public. The authors, professors named Salvemini and La Piana, believe that the Italian people want a democratic republic, and hope that the Vatican and our own State Department will not stand in the way of their getting it. . . . Events are moving so fast these days that magazine and book editors can only trust to luck and pray that the potential record-breakers they sign up in August will not be ancient history—or exploded theories—by the time they are published in November. . . . They remember with a shudder the publisher who found a costly biography of Maginot on his hands after the Nazis had waltzed around the Maginot Line to capture France, and reel with anguish at the memory of the national weekly that appeared the day after Pearl Harbor with a lead article on the impregnability of our Hawaiian fortress. . . . Mussolini's downfall led more than one critic to reread the masterly chapter on the Fascist gang in John Whitaker's "We Cannot Escape History." Benito and his henchmen, said Whitaker, were audacious poker players who had no illusions about the game they were playing. Their only hope was that the democracies would never call their colossal bluff. Ciano once returned from Berchtesgaden and reported "My God, that man Hitler actually believes his own atrocity stories!" In the middle of one of his most impassioned speeches, Mussolini, on the other hand, callously aware of the part he was playing, whispered to the ministers behind him, "Is this hot enough for them, or shall I make it hotter?" A famous drama critic remarked "The success of this mountebank is possible only in a country that has no appreciation of real acting." Musso openly sneered at his own lieutenants. Pointing to a painting in the Palazzo Venezia of Count Volpi standing arrogantly with his hand thrust into his pants pockets, he remarked bitterly to Whitaker "That's the only time I ever caught my old Finance Minister with his hands in his own pockets!" . . . Herbert Matthews's "The Fruits of Fascism," just published by Harcourt, Brace, provides the definitive history of the whole Mussolini era—a quarter of a century that will cast a blight on the Italian people for generations to come. . . .

DEVASTATING DEFINITION of an editor, made by a disgruntled author: an editor is a man who separates the wheat from the chaff—and then publishes the chaff! . . . Margaret Case Harriman is writing a song, although to date she has gotten no further than the title: "I Don't Read Pegler Reg'lar." . . . Kurt Wolff of Pantheon Books has rejected the slogan: Keep Your Pantheon Till You Find a Pantheon Book. . . . San Francisco reports that Leon Gelber has just been turned down by the WACS—four of them. . . . Ilka Chase has named her forthcoming novel "In Bed We Cry." My infant son, Christopher, has different ideas. . . . The village idiot bought a book describing inexpensive fabricated houses and became so fascinated with the subject that he drew his last penny out of the bank and ordered a house by mail. Some weeks later he wrote a bitter note of protest to the manufacturer: his house was a complete failure. An inspector came to investigate, and roared "You loony, you've put up the whole thing upside down!" "Oh, that's the trouble, is it?" pondered the befuddled customer. "No wonder I kept falling off the porch!" . . .

IN HIS FORTHCOMING VOLUME of reminiscences, "Under the Bridge," Ferris Greenslet describes a visit to the English publisher, William Heinemann. "On the mantel of his library in Lower Belgrade Street," writes Mr. Greenslet, "I noticed a smallish human skull, lined with silver. Only after his death

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". . . We are advancing over hilly terrain in a flanking movement. Our patrols have encountered evidences of the enemy in sector North by East, but our reconnaissance is not quite satisfactory. Our communications and supply lines are adequate. Now what I would like to know is. . . ."

did I learn its story. During one of his visits to Florence, a young girl, unknown and unidentified, had drowned herself in the Arno. The incident held Heinemann's imagination in thrall. He had secured the skull from the authorities and lived with it under his eye for the rest of his life." . . . Mr. Greenslet flouts the theory that this explanation may have been just a spoof, and the skull, in reality, that of one of Heinemann's lady authors. Maybe she demanded an additional advertising appropriation on a day when Heinemann was in a particularly black mood. Maybe there was a steel poker nearby. . . .

A MACABRE STORY told at a dinner party one evening last week sent everybody scurrying to find its source. It sounds vaguely like something by Jack London, but nobody has been able to identify it for sure. Will any Trade Winds reader recognize it? . . . The tale deals with two intrepid anthropologists who invaded the heart of Africa to further their studies. While seeking to record the tribal customs of a band of fierce head-hunters, they incurred, first, the suspicion, and then the blind hatred of the tribe. One day they were caught off guard and marched off to the tribe's encampment. The director's assistant was murdered diabolically, after prolonged and ingenious tortures, before the eyes of the horrified doctor. He was then informed that this was just a mild preliminary to what was in store for him, beginning the following morning. The grinning chief promised him that it would take them at least a week to finish him off. Then he was locked up for the night.

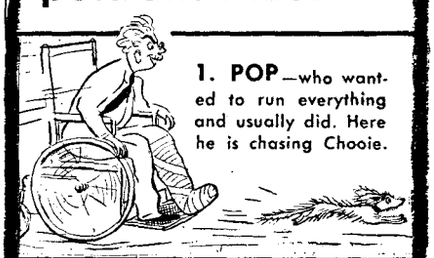
The next morning, when the ordeal was about to begin, the doctor asked for one last word with the cannibal chief. It was too bad, he said, that they were going to kill him before he could tell them about his discovery of a miraculous herb. One bite of this herb, he explained, made a man immune to death. Furthermore, it grew in abundance in the immediate vicinity. The chief registered disbelief. This obvious trick would get the doctor nowhere. "Very well," proposed the doctor. "Let me gather a few of these herbs and swallow them. Then let your headsman take his sharpest sword and try to kill me with it. You will see that the blow will glance harmlessly off my body."

A hasty pow-wow ensued, and it was agreed that nothing could be lost by testing the doctor's claim. Heavily guarded, he was allowed to hunt for the magic herb. After some poking about the bushes, he announced that he had found what he was searching for. In front of the entire tribe, he swallowed two of the herbs, and cried, "Now I am immune to death! Strike with your sword. It will avail you nothing!"

He kneeled in the clearing. The tribe watched in breathless silence. The headsman raised his sword and brought it down with all his strength. The doctor's head, severed cleanly at the base of the skull, rolled crazily onto the ground.

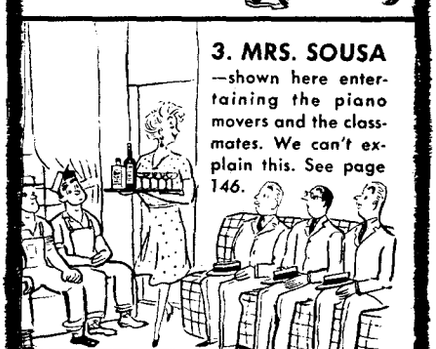
BENNETT CERF.

Outrageous as a surrealist painting . . . Here's a riotous family portrait! Meet—



1. POP—who wanted to run everything and usually did. Here he is chasing Chooie.

2. RED—who ran errands, usually about 15 trips during a meal, as things ran out. Eventually he was forced to buy a bicycle.



3. MRS. SOUSA—shown here entertaining the piano movers and the classmates. We can't explain this. See page 146.

4. NANCY—"My little sister was thought - repellent, much as a raincoat is waterproof." Summer and winter she slept under a raccoon coat.

Don't miss—

MY FAMILY

Right or Wrong

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA III

Drawings by Shermund

At your bookseller's • $2.00 • DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Albert Halper's New Approach

ONLY AN INCH FROM GLORY. By Albert Halper. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

IN the last ten years, the name Albert Halper has come to stand for a certain type of novel much as a reputable manufacturer's label or trademark stands for a certain type of product. A Halper novel was big, good, and swarming with characters as truly American as Dickens's were truly English. Halper novels were socially significant in the best meaning of that overworked phrase. They were written out of the pavement grays, the Saturday night blues, and furnace reds of this vast industrial age; they were much superior to the works of many other socially aware writers whose techniques were often limited to a black and white primitivism: the boss wore a silk hat and the worker was a modern-day Galahad carrying a lunch bucket. A density of mass experience featured these big Halper books. A simple but powerful unity welded together the many diverse characters, the bosses, workers, sales clerks, lady barbers, accountants, stenos, machine operators, who worked, loved, hated, and lived at the crossing of a common industrial crossroad: "The Foundry," the mail-order house in "The Chute," the department store in "The Little People."

In his new novel "Only An Inch from Glory," Albert Halper has affixed his "label" to a different kind of book. Instead of twenty or thirty characters, there are only four. Instead of a physical base for the story such as a foundry, etc., there is an emotional structure: the loneliness of young people in a time of war. Halper returns to the New York City of his "Union Square," to still another little New York, Greenwich Village, but the physical aspects of the Village are not vital. What is vital is the tight, moody, frustrated atmosphere, the emotional climate of people jarred out of the time of peace, little people who are simultaneously, as it were, both marching ahead to the music of the bands and marking time, waiting, waiting.

A short, swiftly-flowing narrative instead of a big complex book, it is written in both the third person and in the first person of Frank Keegan, the Bostonian who is one of the four main characters, and deals with the impact of World War Two (or the continuation of World War One) on four selected people, a young married couple and two footless, lonely humans.

These four include Dorothy Lynch, the Indiana kid who came to the giant city on an art scholarship and who earned her living designing jewelry. Dorothy's life consisted of fighting off people with bills and drinking a lot of liquor. Unsuccessful herself, she chased after New York's "successful men," the writers, scenic designers, and neon-light drummers. "Passing a hairdresser's shop she glanced at herself in a full-length mirror in the window, long enough for a searching physical appraisal. She saw in the glass a tall well-built young woman of twenty-four, with auburn hair showing under a smart green hat, and a perfect dead-white skin which many parties and late hours only now were faintly beginning to mar."

There is Frank Keegan who also wanted to be an artist and became a credit manager for a wholesale hosiery firm, whose inner man Halper hits off in a fine paragraph.

> If you live alone for a few years you create your own mood which in the end encloses your world. You may go out and meet people . . . but the face you show at these gatherings is not the face you see when you go to the bathroom sink for a glass of water and stare at the mirror above the bowl. The face in the bathroom mirror is yourself, and no matter what kind of a face it is, it stares back at you with the unadorned and honest story of your solitary life. I don't want to appear lyrical or dramatic but it has always seemed to me that those people who live alone in our great cities are like seamen who stand on a lonely deck watching for the evening star.

The Gluckmans, Sam and Anne, complete the four. Sam is a press agent for a Broadway show, a nasty hard-bitten, Weidman-sort of character. The glory he is after is success in playwrighting. He speaks in the phony argot of the big stem. "So where's the copy . . . the deadline for the ad is on Wednesday, isn't it? If you want me to plug Mary Mason's beautiful legs I got to have some cooperation, don't I . . . Yeah, Mary Mason's legs. That's the story you want me to plug." Anne, like Frank Keenan and Dorothy, is a decent person. Although she gets a kick out of her husband's big-shot doings she really wants a child. "She knew her husband hated women who cried but she couldn't keep from weeping. She took the handkerchief out of her mouth. Ev-every time I see a woman wheeling a baby carriage on the street I feel I'm going crazy!"

—*Hal Riess*

Albert Halper

Dorothy, of course, is Frank's "evening star." Frank loves her but he gets the big brother brush-off because he isn't "successful." Lonely herself (the ironic pathos of the novel lies in the fact that quiet Frank and stunning Dorothy are much alike) Dorothy begins to hit the bottle with the deadly intensity of so many people in these times. She is either low or feeling high in the flush of a new affair. The taut telephone conversation she has with a novelist with whom she once had a brief affair is fine writing. Dorothy, loving wastefully, is the character who spins out the story. Anne tries to save her; Sam tries to get her into a hotel room; Frank hopes to marry her, maybe some day. None of the four win any happiness or glory. Anne doesn't get the baby she wants. Sam realizes he's a washout as a playwright and his eyes keep him from being accepted by the Air Corps although he is a crack pilot. Dorothy, maturing slowly, slowly realizing that what she needs in life is the kind of love Frank has to offer, is caught up by the spinning circumstances of her own past. Since these circumstances are the plot or progression I won't mention them here.

Readers will like this unusually slanted love story whose pathos reflects the pathos of the entire generation grown to manhood between two wars, the generation that individually and collectively missed "glory" in their individual lives and the larger glory of a peaceful civilized future. Frank alone sees the way the cards have been stacked; quiet and modest, his hatred of success worship which ultimately destroys Dorothy, and which in its most malevolent manifestation takes the form of the brutal success techniques of fascism—this affirmation of Frank's is the affirmation residual in all of Albert Halper's novels.

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The Caldwell Method

THE TURNBULLS. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 517 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SINCE I was a boy and revelled in the highly-colored romances of Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon, in the more violently extravagant passages of their master, Charles Dickens, there have been few stories I have so enjoyed as this full-blooded tale of Miss Caldwell's. The only flaw to complete enjoyment must be mentioned later. Praise first.

Of course a certain suspension of judgment is needed. The characters in the story are good "theater" rather than true to life. Their behavior is controlled, and one is always aware of the producer; but as a producer Miss Caldwell might well challenge Alfred Hitchcock who should snap this book up as quickly as may be. It is a period piece —opening in London ten days before Christmas 1850, ending in New York some twenty-five years later. John Turnbull is the son of a London merchant, neglected by his father, a recluse and a bit of a philosopher, given far too much money, an easy, generous, snobbish boy who when he's nineteen years old is trapped into marriage with a barmaid, and packed off to America. On the boat he meets the mysterious Bob Wilkins. Wilkins is the brightest patch of color in the book. He pulls strings. He serves any man, if there is money in it for him. He has no scruples: but is oddly susceptible to real goodness once his scepticism is overcome. He stays behind the scenes; and contrives to control men who despise him as a cad and a scoundrel, men who by using him are entrapped by him. He sees he can use the savage, disillusioned John, and he is sorry for poor vulgar Lilybelle, the barmaid bride. Once in New York we move fast. John has his

Taylor Caldwell

fortune made for him: he makes enemies, and trusts them. Of his three daughters he ignores and dislikes the one who really loves him. The reason? He sees in her a reflection of his first love, his cousin Eugenia who has married John's enemy, contriver of his deplorable marriage, and come with her sneering husband to New York. Eugenia becomes John's mistress, secretly: he gets no happiness from this, nor from his wealth. In her handling of the family and the family quarrels Miss Caldwell shows real skill; she is not afraid of scenes, and does not shrink from coincidence however improbable. All she asks from the reader is an acceptance of her method, and this reader found that easy and pleasant, except for one thing.

In the London section Miss Caldwell has been unpardonably careless: and I cannot understand why the publishers did not help her out. The first rule of good melodrama is that mere facts should be accurate: otherwise the reader's "will to believe" is outraged. It disturbs me that in 1850 a transatlantic passage should take only a week: it disturbs me that Miss Caldwell should state that John wanted to be an officer but "the Army was forever closed to the son of a merchant" (has she never read "Vanity Fair"?); there is no English county called Lancastershire; gentlemen didn't drink whiskey in 1850, nor commonly smoke pipes after dinner. Worst of all, however, is the forced marriage on which the whole plot hinges. Miss Caldwell writes "There was the magistrate's office, where John had been married to the girl" and this with no notice. Neither in 1850 nor since has it been possible for any one to be married in England in a "magistrate's office." Young John Turnbull would have known perfectly well that the ceremony he was dragged to in his cups by his faithful friend was nothing but a farce. When "The Turnbulls" gets to the screen, the family had better live in Glasgow or Edinburgh.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

6. CATHER: "A Lost Lady." 15. ALCOTT: "An Old Fashioned Girl." 1. WILDE: "A Woman of No Importance." 16. PARKER: "Big Blonde." 9. DICKENS: "Our Mutual Friend." 18. KENNEDY: "The Constant Nymph." 4. COOPER: "The Deerslayer." 19. KNIGHT: "The Flying Yorkshireman." 17. O. HENRY: "The Gentle Grafter." 8. TARKINGTON: "The Gentleman from Indiana." 20. KAUFMAN & HART: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." 7. HUGO: "The Man Who Laughs." 12. KIPLING: "The Man Who Was." 11. HARDY: "The Mayor of Casterbridge." 13. WHARTON: "The Old Maid." 10. MARQUIS: "The Old Soak." 5. PARRISH: "The Perennial Bachelor." 2. JAMES: "The Portrait of a Lady." 14. KENNEDY: "The Servant in the House." 3. RAWLINGS: "The Yearling."

JUGGLER'S ART

(*Continued from page* 4)

fused, perhaps the best plan is to return to the study of life. How, let us ask ourselves, does a man's environment actually impinge on his personality? Certainly not in a series of bursts which, like the explanatory chapters in a formal book, hit him from time to time with a great bulk of facts. A man's environment is an integral part of his life, a gradual revelation never separated from the subjective aspects of his personality.

Like the novelist, the biographer should keep his hero forever in the foreground; he should see the world over his hero's shoulder. Historical events appear in the book at the time when they became of significance to the person under discussion, and this automatically keys them into the story. A biographer may, of course, include facts and analyses that were beyond his subject's experience, as long as he makes it plain that he is doing so, and always keeps clearly before his readers the reference of these matters to the career and personality with which he is dealing. A type of sleight-of-hand is required.

Indeed, a biographer must be a juggler, expert at keeping many bright balls circling in the air. Fact and imagination, sober scholarship and dramatic writing, character study and sound history, a sympathetic understanding of his hero and yet a judicial lack of special pleading, these are a few of the balls that must forever fly around his head without colliding or dropping to the floor. But fortunately it is only in the rare moments when he masquerades as a critic that a practising biographer recognizes this analogy and realizes the enormous difficulties of his craft. When he is back in the greasy overalls of labor, he is again a simple craftsman, struggling with specific problems which he must handle as best he may. And if he sometimes wonders how his finished book will turn out, he can only hope it will be better than might be expected.

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The Phoenix Nest

IRREGULAR BALLADE OF THE EVENTUAL SAY-SO

"BUT I do not think I shall be far wrong if I maintain that these fighting men are determined to create a world in which planning shall be predominant."
—Hilary A. St. George Saunders

What are the dreams that the old men dream?
What are the visions the young men see?
Do the elders still drowse on the threadbare theme
Of a Human Nature designed to be
Perpetual imbecility,
With endless quibbling, and nothing willed?
What say the soldiers who fight for the free?
"Away with your buncombe! Plan and build!

"You get together producing for War,
Supply a host, and spend without end.
What the hell do you think that life is for?
Or is it *for* hell, and your chance to spend,—
And *your* chance to hope that things won't mend
So you keep your "cut," and your trough is filled,
And your cockeyed planlessness *we* defend?
Away with your buncombe! Plan and build!"

This is the vision the young men see:
A decent vision that all may share,
Something concrete that must come to be,
Classless, rational, open and fair,
Not a lot of political hot air,
Nor to grind some corporate axe, or gild
A dog-fighter's luck at the lion's share.
Away with your buncombe! Plan and build!

P. S.

Prince—of Industry—yes, you may stare;
But the soldiers are those who are getting killed.
You'd better believe that it's in the air—
Away with your buncombe! Plan and build!

From Saint Cloud, Florida, Isabel Fiske Conant sends me the following sonnet which has imagination:

A VEGAN RETURNS FROM EARTH

The earth seems set for strife between such twain
As should be faithful lovers. Who could wound
Each other with such stabbing, poisoned pain
As those who once kissed with a whispering sound?
Of all the stars that I have ever crossed,
This is the strangest and the only one
Where dreamers are betrayed and love is lost
And memory is a shadow on the sun.
Here some supreme ordeal is under way,
Some inquisition, some invisible rack.
I had not been there half an April day
Till I could bear no more but hastened back
To Vega where the azure glories are,
Escaping earth, that is a tortured star. .

I was interested in what Marjorie Farber in *The Times Book Review* (front page) had to say lately concerning T. S. Eliot's new book, "A Choice of Kipling's Verse," to which he contributes an essay. I have also read "Bunny" Wilson's comment in "The Wound and the Bow," in which he makes a very good analysis of certain youthful influences upon the future Kipling. The thing I find faintly amusing is of how little real importance the critics' estimate of the fundamental power of Kipling is. The thing that confounds the critics, in regard to Kipling, is merely that he was a genius. Of few writers in our time can that so certainly be said. Naturally, that does not mean that he did not, in various ways, try to defeat his own genius, being, after all, a human being also, and a man with strong enthusiasms and equally strong prejudices. Genius does not prevent the possessor from holding wrong ideas. Kipling held a few. Most of the critics approach him in such a holier-than-thou spirit that it seems they must be near sainthood. Kipling makes a soldier say such things as a soldier frequently says—have you ever heard evening conversation in a barracks? I have—and the critics are all of a flutter. "But single men in barricks don't grow into plarster saints." Kipling writes dialect, and of course that couldn't be poetry! The fact that he writes dialect with an absolutely sure ear, and with not only meticulous accuracy but extraordinary realization of its significance, counts for nothing. I don't know *why* critics of poetry always have to be so constipated!

Probably the most original contribution he did make in verse was the "Barrack Room Ballads." I used to know one small boy very intimately who had them all by heart, and that without effort. They are the real McCoy about the Tommy of the British Army as he was then. You can't mistake it. As for the distinction between balladry and poetry—that sort of shuts poetry up in a hushed room all by itself into which, if you're very very good, you may be allowed admittance. Thank God, Kipling's idea of poetry was something the people could understand!

There! I'm getting into trouble again! Every time I make such a statement people rush to tell me that, of course, all modern poetry is junk, and how right I am, and that they have always *loved* Longfellow, or Eddie Guest, or what have you. Which, naturally, is not what I meant at all! Mr. Eliot's own work is not precisely, at all times, clear; yet I have enjoyed much of it. He is not a genius, like Kipling, but his is a subtle and interesting mind, even though it has led him into Tory politics, with which I am in as violent disagreement as I am with Kipling imperialism. (By the way, it was very amusing to say "The White Man's Burden is robbing the Black Man's Pocket." But that was not in the least what Kipling meant in his poem of that name. The poem may not be realistic, but it is certainly high-minded.) Mr. Eliot has a delicate ear for music and for language. Kipling had an amazing command of phrase and a metrical command so complete as to make it appear almost ridiculously easy. No poet of today can touch him there. He *would* write broadsides, and things like "The Female of the Species," whenever he felt like it. No. Such things are *not* poetry. But he wrote a lot of poetry, nevertheless. He was not insular. "What do they know of England who only England know." He knew the fate of empires. "Lo, all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre." He fairly worshipped courage. Lew and Jakin in that fine story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," are no cherubs. They are scared and grubby cockney boys of the regiment, trying their best to be brave. And the man who gave us Mowgli, and his scorn of the seething villages of Man, was not exactly on the side of the bullies, or the conventions. Another trouble with Kipling is that he was too various to fit into the critics' neat categories. They remind me of the blind men in Saxe's poem trying to tell you about the elephant. And there are plenty of little fish who continually swim in and out of the mouth of the whale. Kipling, of course, was *one* kind of poet. I do not think I exalt him above his due. You can say of certain pronouncements of his, "This is untrue" or "This is definitely bad." But Mr. Eliot shows his acumen in making a new selection from Kipling. We have all wished to make our own. Probably I shan't agree with all of his, which I've not yet seen. As a craftsman, of course, you can say of Kipling always, "What a touch; what judgment; what an eye!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Born in Thunder and Lightning

THUNDERHEAD. By Mary O'Hara. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 320 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

THERE is one Swedish word that is known right across the country—*flicka*. It may mean "little girl" in Sweden but to Americans it means Ken McLaughlin's colt. "My Friend Flicka" was prophetically named, it seems, as those who failed to read Mary O'Hara's stirring novel went to see the moving picture version of the story, and Flicka makes a friend whenever she makes an appearance, whether it be on the page or on the screen. Goose Bar Ranch in Wyoming has been brought just around the corner for readers from Walla Walla, Washington, to Center Port, Long Island.

Thunderhead is Flicka's colt. He was born in thunder, lightning, and in rain and—such a thing had never before happened at Goose Bar Ranch—was a pure white colt! A throwback to that wild polygamous outlaw the Albino. Born late, and ugly, and big, Thunderhead would have seemed poor horse flesh to any save Ken McLaughlin. But there ran through Ken's head words he had heard a long time ago—if a colt of the Albino's could be gentled there would be a race horse! A race horse meant money and freedom from the strains and depressions that Ken sensed without understanding. He set out to train Thunderhead. Mary O'Hara never makes things easy for her characters, be they man or beast, and, just as hearts were torn by Flicka's accident which took her out of the racing class forever, so now Thunderhead's titanic battle with his grandsire, his flight, and absence, and his temperamental reaction to training will keep readers from any peaceful laying aside of the book until they know how things are coming out.

The whole book builds towards the fateful race at the end but there is no thin hurrying along of the story with all hanging on the suspense. There is the daily life on the great ranch with Ken's passionate struggle to learn how to live in the adult world, how to "take it," when it seems untakable. The many animals from the clownlike kitten Matilda to the wild horses on the range. And the story of the McLaughlin family trying to make the ranch yield them a living with the accompanying strain on intense young natures—the McLaughlins are people one likes to know, Rob and Nell and their two boys, our Ken and his brother Howard. The people in the book are all real; they are brusque, with the sharp corners left on, falling into anger and discouragement convincingly and fighting out again with no tinge of Pollyannaism. So often the human beings in animal stories come out a sorry second, but the McLaughlins meet the test.

Mary O'Hara has really done it again. If "Thunderhead" were a first novel it would still be assured of the success which is bound to come. It does not lean on the earlier book; it need not be considered a sequel. Thunderhead is a beautiful and tragic character in his own right. The strains in him are too strong and too free for him to settle into domesticity. He can come into the life at the ranch for a time, knowing that, when pain and evil can no longer be borne out in the hills, there will be warmth and food and kindness at the ranch. But he can come only upon his own terms, and, as he ages and strengthens, the terms become impossible at the Goose Bar. Ken makes the decision in the end and makes it in just the right way. "Thunderhead" is not a novel that takes the easiest way out, "Horse wins race and family fortunes are restored." But Mary O'Hara does not let the reader or Ken down with a sad ending. There are more ways than one to win a race. Thunderhead is worthy of his mother, Flicka, and of his grandsire, the Albino.

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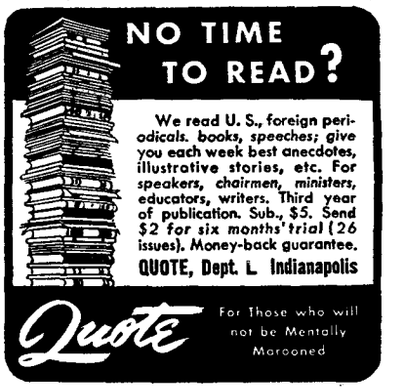
FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 16

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 16 will be found in the next issue.

W VWLRZG, OVVWZGRD VWLRZG, JNRG KWFXGDSAA OVRUSA WP R MZOUNGSZ RXT MSGGSZ JWZDT GNWF NRAG AGRVHST FHWX WFZ AWFDA!—PZRXL AKNFMSZG—TORZQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 15

THE PREYFUL PRINCESS PIERCED AND PRICKED A PRETTY PLEASING PRICKET.
—SHAKESPEARE.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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. R. Cominsky, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C; E. L. DeGolyer, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Harrison Smith, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Leonard Bacon, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Rebecca Lowrie, 25 West 45th St., N. Y. C.; J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

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(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY.
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1943. Henry Pohlman, Notary Public, Queens Co. Clk's No. 1833, Reg. No. 670. N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 298, Reg. No. 4-P-151. Commission Expires March 30, 1944.

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The Crostics Club

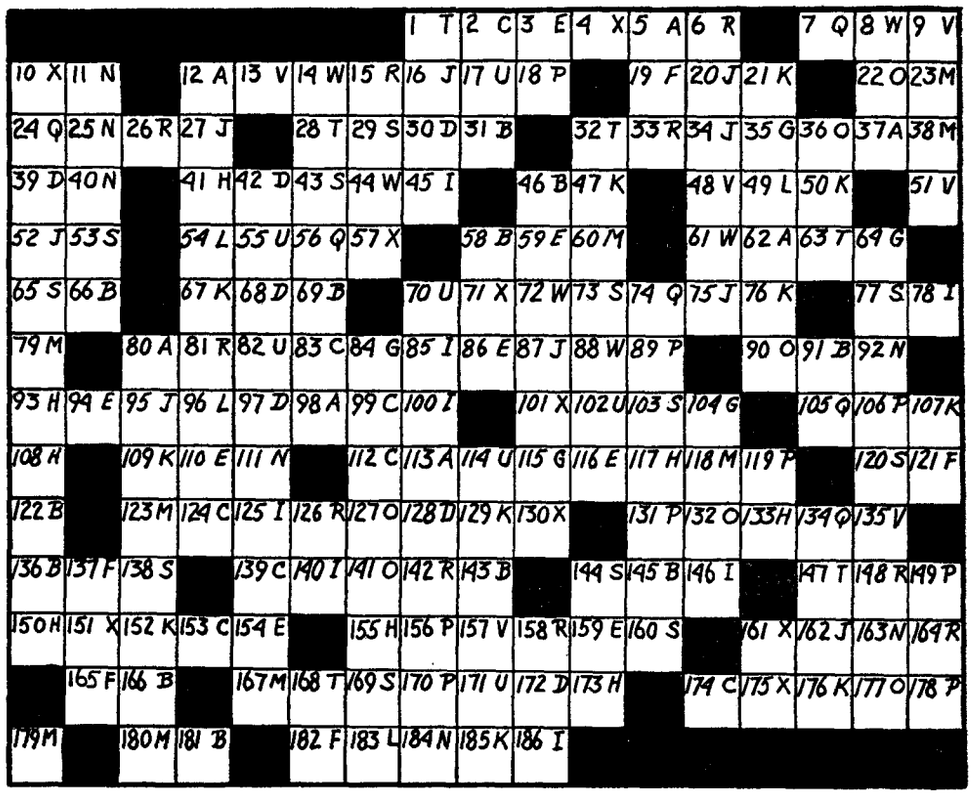
THIS is being written in late September from lovely Toronto, Canada, whither I came not merely for a brief change but to look over the possibility of using their spacious, efficiently-staffed, hospitable public library for DC research next summer. When my usual summer haunts proved unavailable owing to war changes, a librarian friend here suggested that I spend the summer in Toronto accumulating material for a book of DCs based on Canadian literature, especially appropriate as a gesture of international good-will at this time. Fifty DCs with Acrostics in the main unfamiliar—except for Bliss Carman and Stephen Leacock—I concluded would be more difficult than even my most understanding critics would sanction. The ample library, however, I think would be adequate for general research, and meanwhile I am taking back with me some poetical gems for future *SRL* DCs—including one from Edwin J. Pratt whom Bill Benét in the issue of September 24 mentioned as the leading living poet of Canada.

Toronto, happy mixture of British and U. S. practices, with broad Lake Ontario at its port door, and at its head a great University with an English plan and atmosphere, and with an all-the-year-round philharmonic orchestra, is "just different" enough to be alluring. Incidentally, not to be too cruel, may I add that with a clear conscience one can indulge three times daily in club steak at popular prices—a luxury I for one haven't seen in New York all year. (Popular prices means a full course dinner for $1.10!) Canadian residents, however, may not take themselves or their money out of Canada except with rare permission.

Skeptics, of whom one writes, "You should be run out of town before you ruin whatever morals are left in *SRL* readers," are not *obliged* to read DC time-statistics. The latter are not of my making but are instituted in response to an insistent request from many loyal DCers. A paragraph from this same "G. Washington" (?), however, may furnish a laugh to other anti-statisticians (now to be added to anti-reference book, anti-slang, anti-new-author users and what-not?): "Shall I enter my own times?" he asks. "I began D. C. 495, which is a hard one, on Friday afternoon at 5:15 P. M. and ½ minute. I got nowhere. I glanced at it again Saturday night. I picked it up again Sunday afternoon, and finished it at 5:21 P. M. and forty-one and three-fifths second, making my time 6 minutes 31 and 3/5 seconds exactly."

A sheaf of delightful letters have piled from Mrs. William Hard, Kathryn Murch, Mrs. Edward Eagle Brown, Mrs. G. Herbert Taylor, Mrs. Edith Reed, Kate Koeen, and Elizabeth Wood.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 498

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Pedantic; formal.

B. Repetition of a term to call attention to its use.

C. International unit or quantity of X-rays.

D. Free natural life (2 wds.)

E. Timepiece (clock, dial, etc.)

F. Jacket plated with steel (armor).

G. Without interest; not succulently.

H. In the open air.

I. To indemnify; fulfill (2 wds.)

J. Not subject to another (3 wds.; colloq.)

K. Continually (3 wds.)

L. Slightly opened; out of harmony.

M. Able to stand stormy weather in safety.

N. Charming to look upon.

O. Part of flower holding the sweet fluid.

P. Aromatic tree whose bark of root is used for flavoring.

Q. Former Royal Forest in England.

R. Traversed; transgressed.

S. In trim (4 wds.)

T. Common game played with Sticks.

U. Dissolves; disperses.

V. Form of dramatic entertainment (disguise, dumbshow, dancing).

W. Neglected; not stored.

X. Heptagon.

WORDS

A. 37 62 113 5 98 12 80

B. 69 31 136 145 181 122 58 91 166 66 46 143

C. 2 174 83 99 139 112 124 153

D. 97 68 30 42 128 172 39

E. 59 3 110 86 94 116 154 159

F. 19 182 165 121 137

G. 115 35 84 64 104

H. 41 117 93 150 173 198 155 133

I. 85 125 186 45 100 78 140 146

J. 87 52 95 20 34 27 162 16 75

K. 129 152 76 176 67 185 47 107 21 109 50

L. 49 54 96 183

M. 179 60 118 167 38 79 180 23 123

N. 92 40 111 11 184 163 25

O. 127 177 22 90 141 132 36

P. 119 106 170 18 156 131 178 149 89

Q. 24 7 105 74 56 134

R. 81 33 148 126 26 15 6 158 164 142

S. 77 65 73 144 160 43 120 169 53 138 103 99

T. 168 63 1 28 32 147

U. 55 82 17 114 102 171 70

V. 48 51 135 13 157 9

W. 14 88 44 8 61 72

X. 161 57 10 175 4 151 130 101 71

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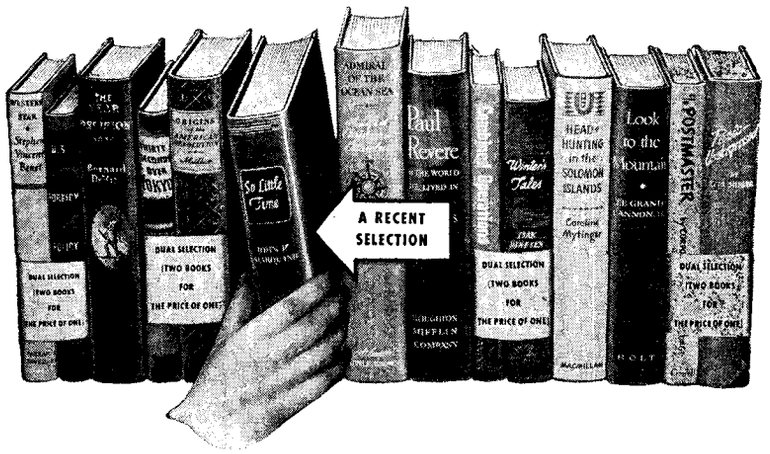
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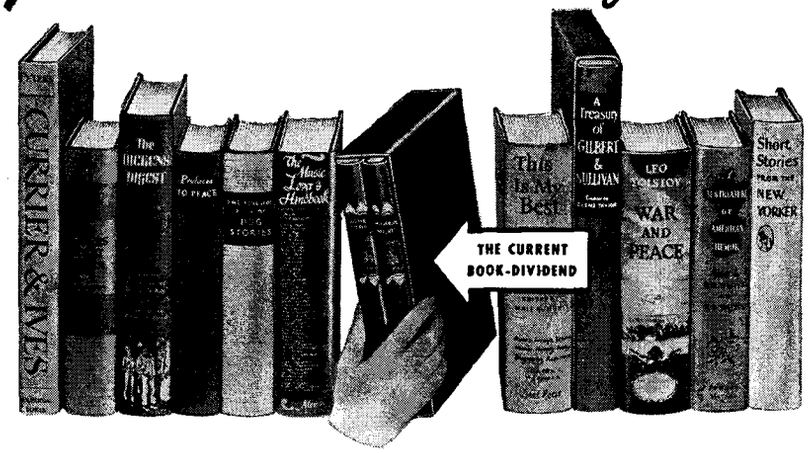

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